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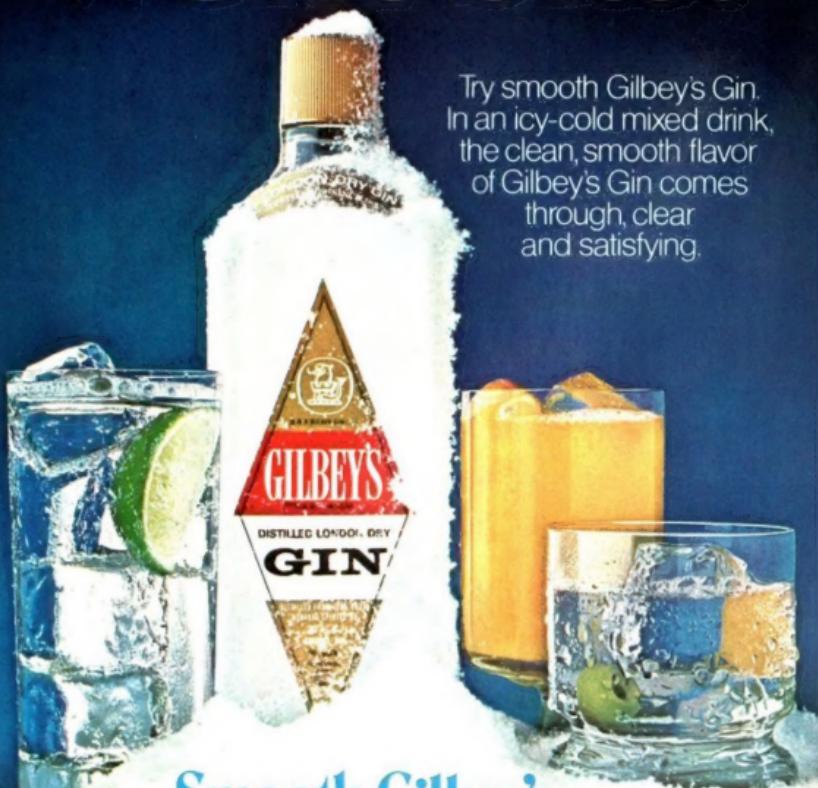
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A Letter from the Publisher

Stories about tempestuous events and controversial issues bring us lots of mail. The responses are sometimes angry, sometimes supportive, but almost always serious. Lately, however, we have had a number of letters from women in something of a lighter vein. After Senior Writer Lance Morrow wrote the Essay "In Praise of Older Women" (TIME, April 24), he was inundated with notes thanking him for his encouraging insights. But other readers suggested that his double standard was showing. "Since when would men in their 30s be considered older men?" queried one. A young girl had a special complaint. "When I was two, it was terribly fashionable to be a teen-ager. Now that I'm a teen-ager, anyone under 30 is considered immature. Will I forever be at the mercy of the demographic bulge?"

In the same issue, an Education story about a limerick contest staged by Connecticut's Mogenic Community College ("A Rich Orgy of Witty Ditties") brought in a batch of limericks in reply. Some readers claimed that the contest limericks did not scan. But most scolded Limerick Judge Isaac Asimov for his assertion that in limerick writing, "women tend to be dirtier but less clever than men." Counterpoint Reader Margaret Mitchell Dukore of Kaneohe, Hawaii:



You say women tend to be "dirty"
More vulgar, less witty (and flirty)?
Well, I'd like to say
To you males (if I may)
You are a tad bit too stuffy shirty!

June Gooderham of West Vancouver, B.C., was more severe:

Asimov was a science professor
Who judged women's rhymes were the
lesser
He outraged women's lib
By telling this fib
And now he must face his confessor.

Asimov, when confronted with the deluge of verses he had caused to descend on us, composed a somewhat conciliatory retort of his own.

Are the women in all things less bright?
I assure you I don't think that's right.
It's just comic verse
In which they seem worse.
In all else, they are pure dynamite.

Ralph P. Davidson

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Letters

The U.S. Navy

To the Editors:

Re your story "Attack on the Navy" [May 8]: keeping the sea lanes open is vital to the future of Western Europe and the U.S. The more significant the disparity between U.S. and Soviet naval power, the more serious the threat to the security of the free world. It is imperative that the U.S. increase naval expenditures to meet the Soviet challenge.

Robert Frishy
Rockville, Md.

In evaluating our Navy, we should recall some of its famous mottoes: "Don't give up the dollars," "I have not yet be-

overall defense program. If the pros can't decide, how can an average landlubber who isn't even sure of the difference between radar and sonar be expected to come up with answers to profound technological questions?

John C. Rose
La Jolla, Calif.

America's Cheops

Robert Hughes' generosity in praising the National Gallery's new East Building [May 8] is far too restrained. It's an achievement in land use, light play and mass as visceral as the pyramids. Thank God this country has a Cheops like Paul Mellon to allow us the esthetic bravado of the likes of I.M. Pei.

Rice Hershey
Cleveland



gun to spend," and "Damn the budget cuts, full shipbuilding ahead." Then there is that service's great battle hymn: "Billions away, my boy, billions away . . ."

Roddy Donoghue
Holyoke, Mass.

Economics dictates strategy. Period. If the Navy doesn't understand this, they'll surely sink our economy through unwise overspending.

Dan Taylor
Parthenon, Ark.

As a Marine I served aboard a five-ship convoy stationed in the Mediterranean during 1976. Our ships were rusty, overworked and in general need of a good overhaul. The Russian ships we encountered were sleek, efficient and menacing looking compared with ours. I was impressed by the Russians, and at the same time I feared for the navy that had to tangle with them. Let's get our Navy back in shape so there will be no question as to who is No. 1 in seapower!

Arthur M. Hays
Tallahassee, Fla.

The story left me frustrated in the realization that the American public must determine the Navy's role in our

As every visitor to the museum will notice, there is a small label next to the art object telling who the donor is, Mellon, Kress and so on.

How about changing the wording of the label to "Donated by the labor force of the U.S.?" They are the ones who help the donors amass a fortune so they can pursue their hobbies.

Paul Greenhood
Silver Spring, Md.

How idyllic Paul Mellon's English summers must have been, that years later millions of dollars should have been used for what you call systematic collecting and I call pillage of much of Britain's artistic soul.

Do not be fooled. It is 300 years of British culture and artistic patronage that have endowed the Yale Center.

John Exame
Mound, Minn.

The National Gallery of Art is sheer delight. Thanks to Mr. Mellon for such a magnificent gift, and thanks to TIME for telling others about it.

Barbara Whitlock
Mount Holly, N.J.

Burgess on Terrorism

Thank you for Anthony Burgess' essay on terrorism, "The Freedom We Have Lost" [May 8]. Our demands for law-and-order at the government level will not be met without a commitment at the personal level to fight complacency, to be outraged at any "compromise with justice," and to reject intimidation by those with destructive principles.

Joanne Devere
Long Beach, Calif.

In the 1960s, when the mob burned city blocks, the press said: Take it; do not overreact. When the war in Vietnam turned into disaster, the press said: Take it; do not overreact. Now the TIME Essay about terrorism says: Take it; do not over-

react. Shall we retreat into our shell and die? It takes more than "tolerating the intolerable" to preserve this nation for our children.

James Scott, M.D.
Streator, Ill.

Anthony Burgess' Essay is easily the most articulate, lucid and compelling estimate of the failing state of the art of democracy yet published in the news media. But it is a blinkered point of view. Mr. Burgess laments the passage of a sense of individual responsibility for perpetuating integrity, without considering its source. When this country was being settled, and later when it was founded, nearly everyone in it believed in God. And enough of those believed strongly enough to live accordingly and train their children to do likewise.

But once the psychologists and educators were able to convince enough people that God was passé, our democracy became a shell. Long after the life had withered, the shell survived. But now it has begun to crumble, and brilliant, agnostic writers like Mr. Burgess are wondering why.

David Manuel
Hyannis, Mass.

Women and Pension Payments

I applaud the recent Supreme Court ruling that employers must deduct equal contributions from men and women for their pension funds [May 8]. It is curious that we still seek to divide human groups by sex when there are other ways to do it. For instance, nonsmokers have a longer life expectancy than smokers; therefore nonsmokers might be asked to make larger contributions. Or, to use the tired old division of race, since whites as a group live longer than blacks, they might be expected to graciously accept lower pension benefits.

Margaret T. Scott
Fresno, Calif.

Homeowners' Revolt

The Jarvis-Gann initiative to be voted upon in California [May 8] involves an issue that appeals to the voters' emotions and pocketbooks but seems to evade rational thought. The disease is increasing government spending. The symptoms are rising taxes. Giving a painkiller to the voters in the form of a drastic cut in property tax just allows the disease to spread undetected. It will only resurface in a more virulent form.

Michael A. Vanesian
Northridge, Calif.

You buy a lot, build a house, pay off the mortgage, and you're still not home free. For the rest of your life you must rent your own home from the Government, at an ever increasing rate. You have created property for the Government. If

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Gregory Kimmons

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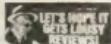
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American Scene

In Cincinnati: A Conclave on Pop Cult

Standing in the Hall of Mirrors, a cavernous, early DeMille style ballroom in Cincinnati's fading Netherland Hilton Hotel, Professor Lewis Carlson talks fondly about a paper delivered at an earlier convention—a Freudian interpretation of Henry Finkel's jump shot. It was probably the first academic treatise on Finkel, a 7-ft. second-string center of modest abilities and occasional coordination who used to play for the Boston Celtics. Carlson, a historian at Western Michigan University, does not remember the exact title of the study, but it seems to have had the mandatory colon in the middle and the optional question mark at the end. Something like *Finkel and Freud: Is the Jump Shot a Paradigm of the Wayward Libido?* Midway through the paper, a member of the audience rose to say, "I don't understand what you're talking about." "Wonderful," replied the professor, returning to his text.

Such nostalgia hung heavily over the eighth annual convention of the Popular Culture Association, an organization of 2,000 professors and nonacademics who study rock lyrics, beer cans, horror movies, *Laverne and Shirley* and other flotsam of American society with the seriousness of Roman augurs examining bird entrails. Though Henry Finkel was officially ignored this year, 600 conventioneers heard dissertations on *Pogo*, neon lighting as a modern art form, Robin Hood and the history of American bingo.

For students of trivia, the pop culturists have a cosmic goal: to reveal crucial shifts in the national character by studying popular trends and products. This year's favorite object of scrutiny was *Star Wars*—the subject of twelve papers, compared with a single discourse each on *Close Encounters* and *Star Trek*, the de-throned sci-fi champ. One of the papers reported that 46% of Americans are baffled by the concept of the Force in *Star Wars*, a confusion widely shared by the professors. Some academics saw it as simple Manichaean dualism; others as ortho-

dox Christianity or Hollywood Zen. Fraser Snowden, of Louisiana's Northwestern State University, argued with some passion that the Force derives from "the impersonal bipolar absolute of Chinese Taoism and the all encompassing *ki* energy field of the Japanese art of aikido." Snowden offered to teach how to experience the Force. Most conventioneers decided they had other engagements.

Over in Parlor H, Gerard O'Connor of the University of Lowell (Mass.) spoke on *Losing Isn't Everything, It's the Only Thing: Athletic Failure from Icarus to the 77 Red Sox*. "Enough of the sweet smell of success," said O'Connor. "It's time to study the fetid fragrance of failure." The paper turned out to be a collection of one-liners about Quarterback Craig Morton, Sally Quinn as a TV personality, the Australian challengers for the America's Cup, and "people who play the Globetrotters every night." Another paper, *Polaroid Sex: Deviant Possibilities in a Technological Age*, revealed that many Americans are now filming themselves during the sex act, but getting out of bed to reset the camera is often nettlesome. A convention veteran whispered to me: "Stay away from the sex papers. They're always dull."

One reason for the uneven quality of discourse is that virtually anyone who wants to deliver a paper is allowed to do so. But Carl Bode, an English professor at the University of Maryland and new president of the association, is optimistic. Says he: "Every year the percentage of junk decreases, and the papers get better." Michigan State's Russel Nye, regarded as one of the leading scholars in the movement, explained: "I'd rather see a mediocre paper delivered with enthusiasm than no paper at all."

The association sees itself as a populist movement within the academic world, challenging the elitists of the great universities. Most members are from colleges like Sangamon State and Lake-Sumter Community. "I think our people are tired of the Harvard-Yale-Princeton line on

what's worth studying," says Ray Browne of Bowling Green State in Ohio, a founder of the movement. Browne is currently planning an academic conference on the history and meaning of roller coasters in American life. Bode, who is working on a book on "bestselling novelists without a shred of literary talent" (Jacqueline Susann, Harold Robbins, et al.), agrees with Browne. Says he: "What's wrong with studying the cultural conflict over long hair in the 1960s? Why is that less illuminating than working on *The Thinnest of the Elizabethan Lyric, 1582-84*?"

Even so, membership in the P.C.A. requires a thick skin. Orthodox academics are prone to dismiss pop-culture teachers as "comic book people." The association, after all, has some 20,000 comic books, 10,000 at Bowling Green and 10,000 at Michigan State. No P.C.A. convention would be complete without a discussion of Jungian archetypes in *Batman*, or a paper on the crucial 1945 style shifts by the artists who drew *Tarzan*. Says Michigan State's Nye: "Comics are an index to our culture. Because they have to compete in the marketplace, they reflect important fads and concerns."

Bowling Green's pop-culture library also includes 4,000 movie posters, a 500,000-item popular-music collection and tapes of phone interviews with writers as Neanderthal as Mickey Spillane, as complex as Ross Macdonald. A special treasure is a collection of Irving Wallace manuscripts. "We'll take anything offered to us," says Browne. For dedicated members of the association, any event at all, even a jostling from a passer-by, can provoke an academic paper. After the convention dance (the "Elvis Presley Memorial Sock Hop"), one teacher was rudely shoved in an elevator. A friend said brightly: "Say, why don't you do a paper on elevator etiquette?" The teacher thought it over for a minute, then replied "No, I think I'll stick with wheelchair basketball."

—John Leo



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TIME / MAY 29, 1978

F-15 Fight: Who Won What

And now Carter must try to bring the antagonists together again

What do we want to do with the Israelis?" cried Republican Jacob Javits of New York. "Sap their vitality? Sap their morale? Cut the legs out from under them?" Replied Democrat Thomas Eagleton of Missouri: "Beiter that we provide a means for the Saudis to defend their oil themselves than face the possibility of some day being forced to commit our own military forces."

So went an emotional and often acrimonious ten-hour debate in the Senate last week, the culmination of a month-long battle over Jimmy Carter's plans to sell 60 F-15 fighters, which are among the world's most advanced interceptors, to Saudi Arabia and 50 less sophisticated F-5Es to Egypt, as well as 35 F-15s and 75 F-16s to Israel. Then, after a subdued roll call that took only 15 minutes, the outcome was official: by 54 to 44, the Senate sided with the President.

The vote was a milestone. It was the worst defeat suffered in Congress by Israel and its U.S. supporters. It was an indication that the Senate now agreed with three successive Presidents that the U.S. should pursue a more evenhanded Middle East policy, one that protects Israel's security and supports its moderate Arab neighbors as well. It was also a hard-won and welcome victory for Jimmy Carter.

But some of the Administration's joy was offset by a growing concern that such battles between the President and Congress had to be fought at all. Carter, like his modern predecessors, resents congressional interference in U.S. foreign policy, particularly the post-Viet Nam laws that limit U.S. intervention abroad or the shipment of military aid to friendly governments resisting Communist insurgency. These restrictions in turn inhibit the U.S. in negotiations; by not being able to threaten the use of force, the U.S. loses its edge at the bargaining table.

Even as the President fell hampered in his authority to conduct foreign policy, he confronted a series of new challenges last week. In Ethiopia, government forces, backed by Cuban troops, opened an offensive against secessionists in Eritrea. In pro-U.S. Zaire, leftist rebels based in Angola stormed into the copper-rich province of Shaba. At breakfast with

congressional leaders, Carter fumed specifically about his "frustration at having his hands tied" by the 1975 law restricting U.S. intervention in Angola.

Carter's frustrations can only increase in the days to come. This week Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko meet in New York City and Washington to try and narrow their differences in the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks, a prospective agreement that faces formidable opposition in the Senate. Next month Carter will begin an uphill fight in Congress to



lift the arms embargo against NATO ally Turkey, which was imposed in 1974 following Turkey's invasion of Cyprus. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee voted 8 to 4 to retain the embargo, but Administration supporters will raise the issue again on the Senate floor.

While savoring their hard-fought plane-sale victory, Administration officials tried to play down its significance to both the winners and the losers. In capitals around the world, the Senate vote raised a significant question: How far had the U.S. modified its Middle East policy?

The official answer seemed to be: Not very much. Said Vance: "Our commitment to Israel is fundamental. It is unchanging. Israel can count on us for support as far as security is concerned." Reported TIME State Department Correspondent Christopher Ogden: "Providing the planes might not seem to be a desirable way of promoting peace, but the alternative, shutting off the Egyptians and Saudis, was worse. Administration officials felt there was an excellent chance

of Egyptian President Anwar Sadat's being overthrown if Washington did not back his portion of the plane agreement. They were also sure that rejection of the Saudi F-15s would have lost the U.S. considerable Saudi support."

There was certainly a sense in Middle East capitals that more than mere military hardware was at stake in the Senate. Declared Sadat: "The true value of the deal does not lie in the number or types of planes approved but in overcoming a situation created by the special relationship between the U.S. and Israel."

Israeli reaction was predictably bitter, and much of the anger was directed at Premier Menachem Begin. Wrongly counting on Congress's traditional support for Israel, he opposed the sale of fighters to Saudi Arabia. Then, two days before the vote, he realized that he had miscalculated Israel's strength. Switching tactics, he directed his embassy to fight the entire package. But it was too late. Begin called the Senate's decision "a negative turn for the security of Israel." He added: "An attempt is being made to impose peace terms on us." Former Premier Yitzhak Rabin called the plane deal "the greatest setback for Israel in the U.S. since the Six-Day War," when the U.S. refused to put pressure on Egypt to end its blockade of Israel's water route to the Red Sea.

Some U.S. supporters of Israel reacted in similarly apocalyptic terms. "The bond of trust has been broken," said Democratic Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan of New York. Jewish leaders reported a wave of bitterness among Jews across the country. "I'm mad as hell," said Rabbi Alexander M. Schindler, chairman of the 33-member Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations. More than 1,000 Jewish students from New York demonstrated outside the White House, some carrying coffins symbolizing "the death of American morality." To such charges, and to equally groundless accusations of anti-Semitism on the part of the Administration, White House Press Secretary Jody Powell retorted, with good cause, "If honest debate cannot be conducted among honest people without al-



Friends and foes reunite after the vote: Senators Howard Baker, Henry Jackson, Frank Church, Robert Byrd and Jacob Javits

The Senate now agrees that the U.S. should pursue a more evenhanded Middle East policy.

legations of the basest motives, then our society is in sad shape."

Hardly had the Senate war ended before the peacemaking began. Top White House officials ordered that there be no gloating over the victory. Said Chief Aide Hamilton Jordan: "We take pleasure in winning but not in beating the group of friends that we had to beat." Immediately after the vote, Carter, Vance, Vice President Fritz Mondale and a squad of advisers began phoning scores of Jewish leaders to reassure them of U.S. support for Israel's security. Pledged Mondale later, at a dinner in New York of the American Jewish Committee: "Military assistance to Israel will continue regardless of any negotiating differences. It will never be used as a form of pressure against Israel."

Some Jewish leaders acknowledged privately that the plane deal will scarcely change the military balance of power in the Middle East, a view also expressed by

Egyptian officials. Said one Egyptian political leader: "By the time we get the F-5E and have our pilots trained to use it, the craft will be obsolete. Meanwhile, Israel is getting F-15s and F-16s that it can use immediately. Who really won?" The Saudis will also receive F-15s, but a former top Egyptian official noted, "It will be another decade before Saudi pilots will be flying their F-15s effectively."

With the plane question settled, the Administration is now faced with the increasingly difficult task of getting the Middle East peace talks going again. Even before the Senate vote, Israeli Chief of

Staff Lieut. General Rafael Eitan insisted that the country's defense required permanent occupation of the West Bank and Golan Heights. Said he: "The basic intention of the Arabs has not changed. They want to obliterate us." After the vote, Begin's ever firm attitude hardened still more.

To offset the effects of their defeat on the planes, Israeli officials were calling for action by Carter to get Sadat to reopen the peace talks, which were broken off in January. Insisted a senior Israeli diplomat: "Before the end of May, we have to have some dramatic gesture to help us. The Administration has to put the onus of peacemaking on the Egyptians and Saudis." Carter is not likely to go that far, but he is expected to take some action soon, perhaps this week. As a first step, he sent messages to Begin, Sadat and King Khalid of Saudi Arabia saying that now is the time to start bargaining again.

Protest by Rabbi Avram Weiss



Jewish demonstrators rally outside the Capitol



Protest by Senator Pat Moynihan



Nation

How a Deal Was Made—and Unmade

"Look," said Ribicoff, "this is a tough one for everybody"

The controversy over the warplane sale might never have come to the Senate floor at all if Frank Church, the Foreign Relations Committee chairman-to-be, had not backed out of an agreement to support it. The story of how and why Church changed his mind provides an illuminating view of Congress at work. TIME Congressional Correspondent Neil MacNeil reports:

It all began on April 11 in the gracious apartment of Senator Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut. For dinner that night, he and his wife entertained Secretary of State Cyrus Vance. Senators Frank Church and Ted Kennedy and Scotty Reston of the New York Times Over duck à l'orange, the men had a free-flowing talk about the nation's foreign policies, including the newly announced plan to sell military aircraft in a package to Israel, Egypt and Saudi Arabia, a matter already causing intense debate.

After dinner, Ribicoff took Vance off to a corner. The Senator had been puzzling over the arms deal, wondering if there were some way to avoid the acrimony that had already begun.

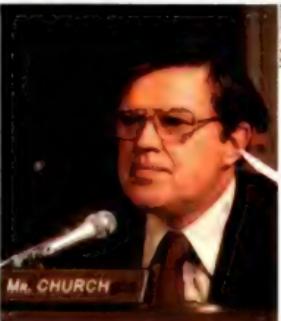
"C'mon," he said. "This is a tough one. Is there any way we can work this out? Is there any give on this?"

"Yes," Vance said. "I think there is some give."

Vance was about to leave for Africa and Moscow, and Ribicoff that weekend flew out to Phoenix to make a speech. In his hotel room there, he watched CBS's Sunday program *Face the Nation*. Senator Howard Baker was the guest, and he suggested flexibility on the number of planes involved and the conditions of sale. Two days later, back in Washington, Ribicoff approached Baker on the Senate floor privately.

"Howard," he said, "what you said has the makings of a solution to the plane deal. Are you interested?"

When Baker indicated a willingness to talk further, Ribicoff found Senators Church and Jacob Javits and brought them to Baker. Ribicoff told the group: "Look, this is a tough one for everybody. I think Howard has the makings of working something out."

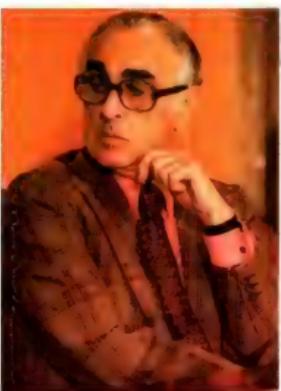


Idaho Democratic Senator Church



New York Republican Senator Javits

When Israel switched, so did a Senator, and the makings of a solution dissolved.



Connecticut Democratic Senator Ribicoff

After Baker left, Ribicoff took Church and Javits into a private room behind the chamber. Church was angry about the President's having presented the three sales as a package.

"It's an insult to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee," he said. "The President has no right to do this to us. Each proposal has to come up separately. If that is done by the President, and we can work out something along the lines Baker suggested, I'd be willing to publicly state in the Foreign Relations Committee that we are for the sale of the F-15s to Saudi Arabia in the national interest." "So would I," said Javits.

Ribicoff was delighted. "If there's agreement between Baker, Church, Javits

and Ribicoff," he said, "there's no one going to oppose it against that combination."

Ribicoff immediately went to consult with Senate Majority Leader Robert C. Byrd and told him what he had in mind. "God bless you, Abe," Byrd said.

Meanwhile, Baker took soundings among his fellow Republicans. He met initial approval of the basic idea. Then he telephoned and asked to see President Carter. At the White House, the President took Baker into the Rose Garden to talk. Baker told the President that the package proposal meant a confrontation with Congress, that he and several other Senators would like to try to work out an accommodation. He said there was a desire to increase the number of warplanes to Israel and some feeling that the number of planes to Saudi Arabia should be reduced. "We need to give thought on how we can put restraints on the armaments and basing of the planes," Baker said.

Carter made no commitment. "I'd like to think about it," he said. A few days later, he called Baker and said, "We ought to pursue it."

Vance returned from Moscow and on April 28 invited the key Senators to a breakfast of scrambled eggs and English muffins in his private dining room at the State Department. Church had another commitment but was later briefed on what happened. At the meeting were Ribicoff, Javits, Baker, Byrd, Clifford Case, Vance and two aides.

Some of the Senators asked for more time before the President submitted his package. "I can't delay," Vance said. "It's going in this afternoon."

But Vance could agree to sending the proposals separately.

The Secretary emphasized, though, that the President reserved the option to cancel all the planes if any sales were rejected. The officials went through the whole business—basing of planes, armaments, more planes for Israel, fewer for Saudi Arabia. Vance was agreeable except on cutting the planes to Saudi Arabia.

Church came into the negotiations later that day, working out with Deputy Secretary of State Warren Christopher the language of the letter he was to receive agreeing to send up the three parts of the package separately. Church also wanted assurance that the Saudis would not buy any planes from the French. Christopher told him he would get him that assurance. On Sunday, May 7, Church ap-

peared on *Face the Nation* and deftly laid out the conditions by which an accommodation might be reached.

On the morning of May 9, the senatorial group met again at Vance's private dining room at State. Now joining them was John Sparkman, retiring chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. They reviewed the agreement on the accommodation, as one participant put it, "to make sure everyone understood."

Javits raised anew the idea of pledging extra planes to Israel, and Vance said the Administration would agree to 20 more F-15s for Israel. Church pressed Vance for a promise that the President would never again send up a package proposal on arms. Vance could not do that, but he agreed that Carter would describe this one as "a unique situation," and that satisfied Church. "At that point," said Baker, "I thought the matter was settled."

That afternoon Church presented the agreement to the Foreign Relations Committee. He spoke fervently on behalf of the compromise, and his speech was credited with winning the support of at least two Senators (Charles Percy of Illinois and John Glenn of Ohio). But three others—Joe Biden of Delaware, Richard Stone of Florida and Paul Sarbanes of Maryland—spoke out emotionally against the deal. Those three young Senators may well have shaken Church's hopes for a large committee majority in favor. Javits expressed doubts. Church himself began to waver. He told Byrd that "we don't have the votes." "Yes, you do," said Byrd, who figured it at 9 to 7, "with your vote."

"I'm on the other side," Church said.

It was a stunning switch. To the participants who had negotiated the compromise agreement, Church and Javits seemed fully committed to the agreement that they had helped work out. Had Church and Javits stuck, those who negotiated the accommodation believed firmly that the issue was totally over.

Why did Church and Javits switch? Church claimed he would have stayed with the deal if there had been a clear consensus in the committee but changed his mind when there was not. Javits later said he had never been committed to the deal.

There is another view. Israeli Premier Menachem Begin had indicated on *Meet the Press* that he would accept the package, if unhappily. But about May 9 the Israeli government signaled its embassy in Washington that it really opposed the package fully and totally—and that the embassy should do whatever it could to influence the vote. "At the last minute, they came out against the sale," says Byrd.

The fact is that the Israeli ambassador did call Church shortly before the committee vote and informed him that Israel definitely was opposed to the package deal. Late last week Church, sounding shaken by the whole experience, insisted that the ambassador's call made no difference. It was clear, however, that Israel had shifted its position and, for his own reasons, so had Frank Church. ■

Jewish Lobby Loses a Big One

Carter shows new skill, Arabs play it cool

At the end, the battle over the Middle East plane deal turned into one of the most bruising Washington lobbying fights in years. Operating with growing confidence, the President and his top aides turned in their most skillful selling job on the Senate so far. The emerging Arab lobby displayed surprising sophistication and shrewdness. The Jewish lobby responded massively, but was undercut by confused signals from Jerusalem, as well as by some indecision in its own ranks, and it suffered a rare loss in Congress.

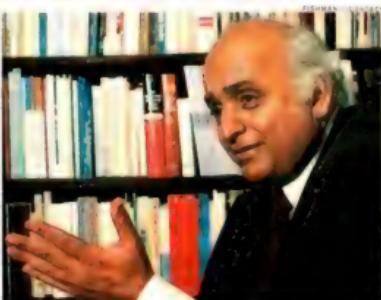
Carter repeatedly had such high officials as Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and Defense Secretary Harold Brown work on key Senators. He enlisted the help of former President Gerald Ford and former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, as well as that of Nelson and David Rockefeller. In closed Senate hearings, State Department experts spread out maps with Saudi Arabia's Soviet-influenced neighbors inked in red—an appeal particularly effective with Republican Senators most worried about Russian moves in the Horn of Africa and in Southern Yemen. Deputy Secretary of State Warren Christopher's testimony on the Hill was crucial as he reported a dialogue held last month between Vance and Israel's Moshe Dayan. If the choice for Israel came down to getting the whole package killed, thereby losing its own new planes, or seeing Egypt and Saudi Arabia get aircraft too, which did it prefer? Recalled Christopher: "Dayan said they would rather have all the planes than to have none."

Even when Senate approval of the package seemed assured, Carter did not let up. In the final days before the vote, especially over the weekend, he warned about the potential impact of last-minute pro-Israel lobbying. The President once again telephoned at least two dozen Senators, including many Republicans, to plead that they stay with the package. In political terms the result was ironic. Despite Republican National Chairman Bill Brock's insistence that his party could use the issue to undermine the usual Jewish support of the Democratic Party, G.O.P. Senators voted 26 to 11 for Carter's position, whereas Democrats rejected the package, 33 to 28. Carter won with rare help from such conservatives as Barry Goldwater, Strom Thurmond, John Tower and Sam Hayakawa.

Saudi Arabia's successful drive was masterminded by Frederick Dutton, an experienced Washington hand who once lobbied on the Hill for Jack Kennedy.

Dutton, who has promoted Saudi causes since 1975, worked closely with the National Association of Arab Americans, an increasingly effective 2,000-member lobby. Both Dutton and his key associate, Public Relations Consultant Crawford Cook, tried to play down their influence. Said Cook: "I'm certain that the vote would not have gone the way it did had the Administration not been as strong on this issue as it was."

Yet the appearance in Washington of sleek limousines rolling away from the city's Madison Hotel to carry Saudi Arabian princes and high officials to meetings with Senators had an impact. American-educated Saudi Prince Turki attended a lunch given by South Dakota's pro-Arab James Abourezk for 22 other Senators. Individually, Turki and another



National Jewish Leader Rabbi Alexander Schindler
Undercut by confused signals and some indecision.

member of the Saudi royal family, Prince Bandar, met with other Senators. Also from Riyadh came Ghazi Algosabi, Minister of Industry and Power, and Sulaiman As-Salim, Minister of Commerce. All were low-key but sophisticated salesmen who, in excellent English, made a strong case that their nation needed the planes for defensive purposes. Wisely, they feigned little interest in how many aircraft the U.S. might sell to Israel, saying that was none of their business. Just as shrewdly, they never mentioned oil. The significance of this open Saudi lobbying, said Dutton, was that "Senators no longer feel that they have to meet Arabs in the back room."

The Saudi drive also included full-page ads in U.S. newspapers, glossy multi-page displays in magazines and 15-page memos sent to all Senators to explain just why Saudi Arabia wanted the F-15s. On the day of the vote Cook got in touch with some 200 influential businessmen and asked them to telephone Senators they thought might still be undecided.

Yet it was the Jewish lobby that, as al-

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Nation

ways when an Israeli position seems threatened, churned out a huge avalanche of letters, telegrams, telephone calls and personal pleas. During an annual meeting of the American Israel Public Affairs Committee, the veteran lobbying group for all Jewish organizations, some 600 members fanned out in Washington to besiege members of Congress on the plane package. Generally, their pitches were not the least bit subtle; the Senators' votes would be a "litmus test" of whether they deserved continued Jewish support. "It was very personal lobbying, terribly intense," observed one pro-Administration lobbyist trying to compete with the Jewish campaign.

As usual, much of the outpouring of Jewish sentiment was spontaneous. Some was organized at local levels by rabbis and other Jewish community leaders. B'nai B'rith and the American Jewish Committee, as well as other national organizations, promoted the cause. In Washington, some 20 young men and women in the offices of AIPAC revved up their mimeograph machines to dispatch detailed "fact sheets" to all Senators. The group's four registered lobbyists, headed by Morris J. Amitay, 41, relentlessly roamed the Hill.

But if Jewish organizations responded almost as one to oppose the package, many individual Jews were less certain. Some thought Israeli Premier Menachem Begin deserved to be pressured more by the U.S., that Egyptian President Anwar Sadat's mission to Jerusalem rated a reward, that moderate Arabs like the Saudis could help achieve peace. More significantly, however, they were confused by the official Israeli position on the package. Neither Jerusalem nor the Israeli embassy in Washington flatly urged that the package be killed if it meant that Israel could not get the planes it wanted—until just a few days before the debate. "There wasn't a coherent, unified position, and that made it hard to sell," complained one lobbyist.

As the Administration, the Arabs and the Jews all pushed their picas on individual Senators, the legislators suffered considerable agony. Some examples:

ABE RIBICOFF. Jewish himself and long a key supporter of Israel, the Connecticut Democrat took a surprising early stand in favor of the plane deal. He publicly assailed the Jewish lobby as "self-appointed spokesmen who do a great disservice to the U.S., to Israel and to the Jewish community," and privately criticized AIPAC's director, Amitay, who was once his assistant. Stunned Jewish leaders from Hartford set up a lengthy meeting with the Senator. National Jewish leaders confronted him in Washington, Connecticut Jews in Hartford. The exchanges were acrimonious. Ribicoff insisted that he would not budge "even if I have to stand alone." Rabbis barraged him with calls and visits. Influential Jews told him: "I'll never vote for you again." His position had great

influence over other pro-package Senators, who reasoned that if Ribicoff could oppose his fellow Jews, they too could be defended against Jewish criticism. During debate behind closed Senate doors, Ribicoff received an ovation for his courage. After the vote, several Senators who voted against the package praised him privately. Said one: "I admire you—and I'm ashamed of what I did."

CHARLES MATHIAS. The Maryland Republican has large Jewish constituencies in Baltimore and in Montgomery County, near Washington. But, determined to act independently, he sought advice on the plane deal from both Kissinger and Christopher. As he leaned toward approval of the sales, he talked to such all-out opponents as Amitay and Jerold Hoffberger, owner of the Baltimore Orioles. On a weekend trip to California, Mathias was told by a former president of the Los An-

gle influence over other pro-package Senators, who reasoned that if Ribicoff could oppose his fellow Jews, they too could be defended against Jewish criticism. During debate behind closed Senate doors, Ribicoff received an ovation for his courage. After the vote, several Senators who voted against the package praised him privately. Said one: "I admire you—and I'm ashamed of what I did."

JOHN DANFORTH. The Missouri Republican agonized over his vote up to the moment he cast it. Jewish friends in his home state argued repeatedly that if he were to support the package, he would betray their trust. But Carter, Vance, Brown, the Rockefeller brothers and even Jerry Ford, all called him to argue that the sales would serve the national interest. Danforth was also reminded by Missouri businessmen that the 60 F-15s wanted by Saudi Arabia would mean more jobs for the manufacturer. St. Louis-based McDonnell Douglas, already the largest (30,000) private employer in the state. Two hours before the balloting, Danforth was undecided. Finally, he cast his vote for the



Saudi Arabia's victorious Washington lobbyist Frederick Dutton

Sleek limousines, sophisticated princes, and no mention at all of oil.

geles Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith: "My agency is pulling all the stops out, but I disagree; I think you're taking the right course." Maryland Jews sent him telegrams pleading that he "come home" and vote with them against the package. He did come home—but he voted for it.

JOHN CHAFFEE. The Rhode Island Republican held a four-hour meeting with Jewish leaders in Providence and heard out all the anti-package arguments. He was barraged with mail overwhelmingly against the deal. He assigned an assistant to sit through all of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee's hearings on the issue, not being a member himself. On the weekend he secluded himself in his rustic cabin at Matunuck, R.I., jotting down the pros and cons on a legal pad. He was impressed by the fact that his closest friend in the Senate, Republican Charles Percy, favored the sales. He decided to go with Percy. Back in Washington on Monday,

package. "It was the most difficult decision I have made in the Senate," he said

GARY HART. The Colorado Democrat too was unable to make up his mind until just an hour before the roll was called. Prominent Jewish leaders "from Los Angeles to Boston" whom he met while managing George McGovern's 1972 presidential campaign had besieged him. He received a telephoned plea from Vance. Yet he had been "very impressed" by the pleas of the Saudi princes. While Hart was on his way to the Senate floor, *New Republic* Editor Marty Peretz made an emotional final-hour anti-sales pitch to him. Vice President Walter Mondale took him aside for a counterpitch. Finally, Hart voted against the Administration. His reason: he is a U.S. adviser for a special United Nations session on disarmament. Said he: "It would have been ironic, if not untenable, to sell planes and participate in a disarmament conference." ■

Brzezinski: There Has Been Progress

The one major area of foreign affairs to which the Carter Administration has devoted relatively little effort is China. To remedy that, National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski set out for Peking last week at the head of a team of military, diplomatic and economic experts (but no reporters). Shortly before his departure, at a lunch with the editors of TIME, he was asked for his assessment of the degree to which the Carter Administration was succeeding—or failing—in its foreign policy. His answer:

A big country like the U.S. is not like a speedboat on a lake. It can't veer suddenly to the right or left. It's like a large ship. There's continuity to its course. There's continuity between our Administration's foreign policy and the policy of our predecessors and, indeed, between them and their predecessors.

However, each Administration imposes its own stamp on foreign policy, by turning a little bit from one side to the other. I think there are certain distinctive aspects to the Carter foreign policy.

President Carter, by nature, is what I would call a structural reformer. He doesn't like to deal with the superficialities of problems. He really likes to deal with the essence of the problem with thorough, far-reaching reform. You see this in his domestic programs and in the things he's trying to do in foreign policy. That generates much more resistance. Indeed, it may sometimes create coalitions of opponents and thereby create problems for us.

Nonetheless, to the extent that over a period of time he is successful, I think his successes are likely to be more important and more far-reaching. I think our record on the whole is good, with some failings.

We have done well in establishing human rights as an issue on the agenda. Today there isn't a government which doesn't realize that human rights affects their relationship with us. By and large, on every continent there has been some progress—and more in the past year, thanks to this policy, than in preceding years.

Beyond that, we have made progress in relating the U.S. to new forces in the world, to the new countries that have become more important recently, particularly in the Third World. We sense it at the United Nations. We sense it in relations with such countries as India, Ni-

geria, Iran, Saudi Arabia, Brazil, Venezuela—newly influential countries which the President has visited.

I would agree that we have not done well enough in developing a North-South economic program. But we have improved the nature of the political relationship with the Third World and the way the Third World perceives us.

I think it's very important that the U.S. not be identified with the status quo, which, in general, is the way it used to be identified. President Carter has identified the U.S. with change in world affairs, thereby giving us the opportunity to shape the nature of change and provide the framework for it. That's a fundamentally important consideration, in terms of the U.S. relationship with the world as a whole. The U.S. in the past was perceived as being antichange—and perhaps occasionally it was.

The political dimension of the re-

tries, of the sort that some years ago would have been unthinkable. We are now correcting the relative passivity of the past year in dealings with east Asia. U.S.-Chinese relations are a central aspect of our policy.

I believe we have made a significant breakthrough in our relations with Latin America. We have abandoned the notion, which has been followed by almost every Administration since F.D.R.'s, of propounding a single slogan for that diversified region. Instead, we're pursuing a policy which is on the one hand more bilateral and on the other hand more related to global issues, thereby generating a more mature set of relationships with individual Latin American countries. By tackling what seemed like a hopeless task—the Panama Canal treaties—we have redressed a historical wrong, and we have opened up opportunities for a new relationship.

With Western Europe we have consulted on all strategic issues more closely than ever before. We have done a great deal tangibly to strengthen NATO.

With the Soviet Union we have a more diversified and wide-ranging set of negotiations than ever before. We hope to push SALT, step by step, toward increasingly significant reductions, reducing the trends of the previous decades. In our expanded negotiations with the Soviet Union we have managed to avoid creating the fear, which was present some years ago in Western Europe, the Middle East and China, that we were pointing toward a [U.S.-Soviet] condominium. Détente to be enduring has to be comprehensive and reciprocal. Thus Soviet military intrusion into Africa can have negative consequences.

On global issues we have generated a number of initiatives—some of which, like nuclear nonproliferation, have created, because of our lack of sensitivity initially, some needless friction. But these steps were important in alerting world opinion.

Previous to our Administration, the tendency was, in part because of the highly personal nature of the diplomacy, to focus on a small number of issues. Thus a number of other issues festered. We have tried to work on a wider front because we had no choice. I can't think of a single issue we're tackling we should have left alone. What would one drop and not deal with? SALT, or southern Africa, or Panama? We thought we had to move on all. The fact that we're dealing on a wide front does create certain problems, but on balance, by and large, I believe we've made progress.



The National Security Adviser making an emphatic point

"Each Administration imposes its own stamp on foreign policy."

Nation

Wallace Quits—for Now

Farewell to the "pointy heads"

When he returned home from the National Governors' Conference last winter, Alabama's George Wallace was downcast. He was a "has-been," told reporters, no longer the center of attention.

That was hard to bear. For nearly two decades, Wallace had been an inescapable irritant in American politics, like a fly determined to become part of the ointment. He had first served as a state senate page at the age of 16, but he seemed to have few prospects then. He sold magazines from door to door. After a stint in the Army Air Force, he won a job as an assistant attorney general, then as a state legislator, always feisty, eager to speak his piece. Elected a circuit judge in 1953, he told the courthouse boys that he was going to run for Governor. Wallace was easily defeated in the Democratic run-off. His own judgment of the race was that he had been "out-segged" by his victorious rival, John Patterson. It would not happen again.

"Segregation now, segregation tomorrow, segregation forever!" Wallace promised when he won the governorship in 1962. He vowed to "stand at the schoolhouse door" of the University of Alabama to block its court-ordered integration, and he did. He had to step aside, but he had made his point, won his publicity. He was ready to run for President.

In his first foray into presidential politics in 1964, Wallace proved extraordinarily popular not only in the South but among disaffected whites in the North too. He asked them to "send a message to Washington." He promised to "shake the eyeballs of the pointy-headed bureaucrats." He galloped along shouting "law and order" as a code term for anti-black prejudice, and although he lost the Democratic nomination to Lyndon Johnson, he captured 29% to 43% of the vote in the Indiana, Maryland and Wisconsin primaries.

In 1968, having installed his first wife, Lurleen, as Governor, he ran for President as a candidate of his American Independence Party. "It's the working folks all over this country who are getting fed up and are gonna turn this country around," he said. By carrying five states, he almost turned the electoral system around, coming close to causing a stalemate that would have given him the balance of power, but only close. This was Nixon's election.

It was four years later, 1972, when his message was perhaps most powerful, that he was tracked down and shot by the de-

luded Arthur Bremer while delivering a campaign speech in a Maryland parking lot. One of the bullets lodged near his spine, and he was paralyzed from the waist down. He had won Florida, Tennessee and North Carolina and went on to win in the Maryland and Michigan primaries, but his drive for the nomination was halted. So was his career. He tried yet again in 1976, with male nurses carrying him in his wheelchair, but the old enthusiasm had faded. The question of race, which overtly or covertly was a key part of his message, no longer dominated American or even Southern politics. And many others, including Jimmy Carter, had usurped some of his populist themes. Still, up until the March 1976 Florida primary, Wallace was a national political figure to be reckoned with, and part of Carter's support in that state came from those who wanted to stop the Alabaman.

The loss of the Florida primary and his subsequent release of delegates to Carter marked the end of Wallace's significance in American politics. But it was not until last week that Wallace made it offi-

cial: in announcing that he was quitting his close race against Howell Heflin to succeed John Sparkman in the U.S. Senate, the 58-year-old Governor effectively ended his political career. The announcement came as a surprise to even his closest associates. He had made his decision while staying alone at a state-owned mansion on the Gulf Coast. The pain-ridden Governor refused to give any specific reason except that he did not want to live in Washington after all. Said he: "Thinking about being around that many pointy heads at one time, I couldn't take it."

The University of Alabama has reportedly offered Wallace a position that would allow him to write his memoirs, teach and lecture. His brother Gerald says that the lucrative lecture circuit could bring Wallace \$250,000 a year.

"One day a comeback?" "I didn't say I was retiring from politics," Wallace insisted. "I just don't have anything to run for right now." It is not like George Wallace to give up, not even in defeat.



George Wallace: Announcing his decision



Standing at the schoolhouse door



Addressing the 1972 Democratic Convention

The Governor would rather send messages to



Gunned down in a Maryland shopping center

Washington than live there, thank you.

Nation

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Roses with a Touch of Ragweed

These are days of wine and roses for Republicans. But even in the elegant parlors of the party stalwarts, the flavor is often more of vinegar and ragweed.

They see a chance to seriously challenge Jimmy Carter in 1980. But Ronald Reagan sits astride the G.O.P. apparatus. "Can you imagine what it is going to be like?" sighed one of the young bucks recently. "Our candidate will be 70 years old with orange hair and a face lift." The most popular contender in the party is Gerald Ford. "There he was," reported the same Republican, "in his white leisure suit beside the pool in Palm Springs. How do you lead this nation from the fairways of Thunderbird?"

The active Republicans see so much good second- and third-level talent that their delight soon dissolves into worry that these able politicians will devour each other or refuse to join such a melee. To add to their misery, the Republicans hear their favorite political scripture about balanced budgets, the Soviet menace and Big Government being preached from Democratic pulpits.

Yet the G.O.P. blood is rising. There are now four clearly defined categories of candidates or potentials. Oldies—Reagan, Ford, Old newies—Connally. New oldies—Richardson, Bush, Baker, Brock, Percy, Dole, Ray, Mathias, Ruckelshaus. Newies—Borman, Kemp, Heinz, Du Pont, Thompson.

From the Union League Club to the rural women's caucuses, when two or more Republicans collide they produce the name of a presidential contender—or two or three. Some are valid, some ridiculous. But what a lovely sport.

Around a candlelit table on Washington's Prospect Street one night not long ago, Bill Ruckelshaus, the former Deputy Attorney General, now senior vice president of Weyerhaeuser Co., gathered with old friends. Eyes shone bright. Could he, would he? No, no, he protested. But there might have been a waver in his voice.

In Manhattan this week, heavy moneymen and big sports figures are gathering at a secret dinner for Quarterback turned Congressman Jack Kemp. His four-minute segment about taxes on Cronkite's show last Wednesday jiggled hearts as far away as Illinois. "Charismatic," said a middle-aged elephant. Participants in the Republican Tidewater Conference in Easton, Md., say there was a Kennedy-like stir when Kemp strode in.

Bryce Harlow, former White House aide and the genial survivor of every G.O.P. disaster (and triumph) since

Eisenhower, was accosted on his way to lunch by a man who, in tones usually reserved for palace coups, expounded the virtues of NATO's General Alexander Haig, former White House aide who held things together in the last days of Watergate. Almost every day, former Secretary of the Treasury Bill Simon gets letters offering, indeed pleading, to help finance a Simon candidacy. In Iowa, Governor Robert Ray stands at a staggering 82% approval with his electorate—and he balances the budget. Reporters press him with the big question. No, he says, he likes Iowa.

There is regional fervor for Big Jim Thompson of Illinois. Meantime, the first fellow who could be called a real live adventurist hove into Chicago a short while ago. He was up from Houston pushing the candidacy of George Bush, the former Republican Committee chief and CIA director. There is an underground system of communication on behalf of Frank Borman, former astronaut who now heads Eastern Air Lines. Biographies, assessments of Borman's leadership at Eastern, critiques of him as TV pitchman for the airline are zooming back and forth among a tiny but expanding fan club.

There is cautious hope now of major Republican gains in Congress and the state capitals this fall. Yet it is the longer view that holds promise. Men like National Committee Chairman Bill Brock see in the shifting national concerns the chance to weld a "power pack" of young executives, farmers, small businessmen, skilled and semi-skilled workers, secretaries, housewives, doctors and lawyers. To hold it together, they will need a special person. Their search is earnest now. That is why all the wine and roses.

A Filibuster Ahead

Bitter fight over a labor bill

"This bill," declared Utah's Republican Senator Orrin Hatch, "is going to attack every basic fiber of the free-enterprise system."

"This bill," declared North Carolina's Jesse Helms, "is designed to unionize the South by federal force."

"We will fight this bill," declared South Carolina's Strom Thurmond, "and fight it to the last."

So began last week what promises to be a major Senate filibuster. It will not recreate the legendary filibusters of the past, however, when tireless orators recited whole books of the Bible while their exhausted colleagues napped on couches in the corridors. More conscious of their collective image nowadays, Senators do stick to debating, however windily, the one and only subject on the agenda. But as Hatch said last week, "Everyone knows that we are now in a period of extended debate." And just how extended? Says Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd, who firmly supports the bill: "We're not going to quit in two weeks—or three weeks, or four weeks."

What Byrd, the White House and some 54 Senators are fighting for is the so-called labor-reform bill, which would amend the 1935 National Labor Relations Act. In general, it would make it easier for unions to organize workers and harder for companies to oppose unionization. Specifically, the bill would: ▶ empower the National Labor Relations Board to set wages for newly unionized workers if an employer is deemed not to have bargained in good faith; ▶ give workers fired for union organizing activities time-and-a-half in back pay; ▶ enlarge the NLRB from five to seven members to speed up handling of complaints of unfair labor practices; ▶ reduce from 45 days to 30 days the legal organizing period, so as to give management less time to fight unionization.

Ever since the House passed its version of the bill last October, various business groups have organized an intense campaign against it in the Senate. Opponents of the bill argue vehemently that it would be hugely inflationary and would bankrupt many small non-union firms.

Undeniably, the textile factories of the South are a major target for the AFL-CIO, which has seen the unionized portion of the American labor force slip from 26.6% ten years ago to 24% today. AFL-CIO President George Meany professes surprise at what he calls business's "holy war" against the Senate bill. He claims the battle should be solely between the unions and "law-breaking corporations."

Since the opponents of the bill know



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Nation



Labor-reform bill Foe Orrin Hatch

"We are in a period of extended debate."

that they are at least five nays shy of defeating it in a direct vote, they are trying to make sure that they control the 41 votes needed to prevent any shut-off or cloture of their "extended debate." Hatch claims that the opponents have enough votes to keep debate going through the first four or five cloture votes, but after that the count becomes more uncertain.

Labor's best hope is that the Senate will simply tire of the debate and that cloture will be voted. But even such a vote will not assure a speedy passage of the measure. The opponents fall-back strategy—one that will almost surely be used—calls for as many as 300 amendments to be proposed. Once cloture has been voted, no debate is allowed on the amendments, but just getting one through the parliamentary process takes almost 1½ hrs. If all the amendments planned are actually offered, then, the very processing of them could take more than three months.

The prospect of a lengthy filibuster, by oration or amendment, makes labor forces fearful. Their chief concern is that either Byrd or Carter might decide that the Senate has to move on to other matters. For Carter, after recent victories in the Senate on the Panama Canal treaties and the warplane sale to Middle East countries, the labor bill might not seem a do-or-die proposition. But much is at stake. With congressional elections ahead, Carter can ill afford to back down on a bill so badly wanted by organized labor.

With so many other important matters to be debated—the energy bills, tax law adjustments, hospital cost limits, civil service reform and urban assistance; a long, bitter fight over the labor bill cannot help either the Senate or the country. As Senator Henry Jackson complained to a group of reporters: "The system is breaking down; we can't go on as we are." ■

Walls Do Not a ...

An obscenely easy jailbreak in Indiana

When Michael G. Thevis was imprisoned in 1974 for interstate transportation of obscene material, lawmen figured they had put the flamboyant peep-show operator out of sight for some time. Not only was he sent to jail for 8½ years, but further investigations into his alleged Mob connections raised the possibility of new indictments. It now seems clear that Thevis, 46, was not turned on by his legal prospects. And so last week, while a federal grand jury dutifully continued its probe into his racketeering, two more juries were investigating how, on April 28, the paunchy, balding Thevis managed to walk blithely away from the Floyd County jail in New Albany, Ind.

Thevis, with an empire of pornographic bookstores (perhaps 90% of those in the nation in the early '70s) and movie theaters, was one of Atlanta's best-known would-be big spenders. But his attempts at cleansing, if not raising his profile through philanthropy—he offered his mansion to the city for use as a school, his money to the symphony—were thwarted. Still refusing to be satisfied as the prince of pornography, Thevis bought one of the finest recording studios in the South and tried his touch out on Hollywood's biggest pinball machine—the movie business. Tilt, game over, score no points for bravado. Mike Thevis got no respect.

His escape was easier to bring off than most porn fantasies. The defendant in a civil damage trial in Louisville, just across the Ohio River from New Albany, Thevis had been transferred to the jail earlier last month from the federal prisoners medical facility in Springfield, Mo. Even before his arrival, say police investigators, Thevis had greased the jailers' keys. Two deputies

received \$100 each from Sheriff Alex Watkins, who told them the money came from someone connected with Thevis. Watkins, who says Thevis came "highly recommended" by his attorneys as an "honor roll prisoner," claimed that the money for the two deputies was given because they had been "nice" to Thevis during a brief stay in the jail last January.

For Thevis' second visit, the jailers were just as nice. Thevis was accorded free telephone privileges and had steak dinners with wine. The visits of his girlfriend, Patricia McLean, 28, were largely unsupervised. Apparently the only time the jail staff kept an eye on Thevis and McLean was when the two were allowed to have sex in a deputy's office. According to investigators, three deputies and three New Albany policemen gave the porno king appropriate treatment by watching through a one-way mirror. The night before Thevis was to be returned to Springfield—he had lost the case and was ordered to pay \$675,000 to insurance companies and former peep-show competitor—he was let out of his cell to make a phone call. He never returned. Three hours after he was last seen, someone thought to notify the police.

His head start gave Thevis plenty of time to leave the country, but McLean stayed behind in Atlanta, where she was arrested by the FBI as a material witness to the escape. Argues her attorney, Edward T.M. Garland: "She's a forlorn ex-girlfriend, abandoned and left to her own devices." Said willowy, henna-haired McLean a day after her arrest: "I just don't know where he is." On that point, at least, she seemed to be in good company. ■



Porno Prince Michael Thevis, Girlfriend Patricia McLean and the mansion in Atlanta

The cops watched them through a one-way mirror

Nation

Betting on the Boardwalk

The dice are set to be cast in Atlantic City

As the shiny new roulette wheel slowed, the hopping ivory ball fell into the green "0" slot, allowing the croupier to rake in the bets. A few minutes later, against the odds, the ball dropped into the "00" slot, again making losers of almost all the bettors pressed against the table. The house, predictably, was starting off ahead.

Unlike most casinos, where the dealers and croupiers preside with a practiced haughtiness, those handling the tables in this huge new gaming room looked like clean-cut students on summer vacation and were prone to say such things as "Gee, I'm sorry you lost." The losers, too, were more casual than the average out-of-luck gambler. All they were risking so boldly at craps, roulette, baccarat and blackjack was play money—\$250,000 of it—provided by the casino for a test run in preparation for the scheduled opening this weekend of the Resorts International Casino, the first of Atlantic City's newly legalized gambling palaces.

The Resorts International Hotel, which houses the new casino, is trusting that the bettors will keep coming up los-

ers. Resorts Board Chairman James M. Crosby speculates that after being enlarged this summer, the casino will be bigger than any in Las Vegas and will eventually take in \$100 million a year. Atlantic City officials have high hopes that the spinning wheels will pull them out of the massive slump this once glorious resort has been suffering. Fifty years ago, it was the leading vacation and convention center on the East Coast. Even before the casino turns a profit, the refurbished (at a cost of \$35 million) hotel will be providing 2,000 jobs, increasing employment in Atlantic City by more than 10%. Several other new hotels, representing an investment of \$300 million, are contemplated.

Last week's test run provided a preview of the casino's tasteful red, brown and orange decor. TIME Correspondent John Tompkins' assessment: "The equal of the most modern gaming rooms in Las Vegas, even if the croupiers, dealers and pit bosses are youthful amateurs who make up in friendliness what they lack in dexterity." Undoubtedly, the workers will acquire some of the hard professionalism of their Western counterparts when

the real money starts flowing. Said one: "When the players start losing mortgage payments or food money, maybe they'll start getting nasty." Since gamblers as well as dealers in Atlantic City are likely to be neophytes, Resorts International plans to offer instructional films on the various games and a section for practice with play money.

In addition to its casino, the 500-room hotel will have an array of elegant shops, a bar overlooking the gaming tables, a steak restaurant and a rubious French restaurant serving caviar at \$18 an ounce. Final touches were being applied feverishly last week in the midst of the gambling rehearsal. A film crew was in the casino shooting a training segment that explains the Big Six wheel. The 1,750-seat Superstar Theater, set to open with Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme, held a chorus line practicing its dance. "Boardwalk by the Sea," as electric saws whined and workmen hammered near the restaurant entrance. In the Rendezvous Bar, long-legged cocktail waitresses in skimpy orange costumes perfected their version of the "bunny dip" before a packed house.

Not everything was quite

ready, because approval to begin operation came sooner than expected: the New Jersey Casino Control Commission issued the hotel a "conditional" license, pending completion of background checks on the employees and owners. Should links to organized crime be discovered, the license will be revoked.

Federal law-enforcement sources say that the ruling Mafia council, known as "the commission," met last winter and declared a two-year moratorium on casino infiltration. The bosses decided not to muscle into the Atlantic City gambling action until they were sure it was a big moneymaker. Instead, investigators say, the Mafia leaders decided to limit their investments to restaurants, garbage-collection companies and vending-machine operations in the city. But waiting to pounce on the big gambling pot, the sources say, are four crime families: the Gambino group, ruled by Aniello Dellacroce; the Genovese group, whose strongman is a Teamsters Union boss, Tony Provenzano; the old Bonanno clan, controlled by Carmine Galante; and the Philadelphia group, led by Angelo Bruno.

New Jersey has set up elaborate procedures to ensure that no Mafia infiltration does occur. Says Crosby, perhaps the ultimate optimist: "Atlantic City is the last place organized crime would want to get near because everyone is so thoroughly checked." Some federal officials, however, have doubts that the state's apparatus can effectively resist the four clans.

Local pessimists think traffic and parking problems may prevent anybody at all from infiltrating Atlantic City. There is little train or air service, so most people will arrive by car; traffic was a problem even before the casino's opening.

As the cars do inch toward the Boardwalk and the bettors belly up to the tables with real money, the Quaker founders of the old Haddon Hall Hotel, home of the new casino, will probably be set spinning in their graves as fast as the roulette wheels. A portrait of one of those founders, "Mother" Sara Leeds, was removed from the hotel at the family's request. ■



Gamblers play baccarat at Resorts International casino
Just wait until the real money starts flowing

The Odd Couple

Can the U.S. spy on spies?

The two defendants in the espionage trial were hardly the most dangerous of spies. Ronald Humphrey, 42, emerged in the testimony as a naive, lovelorn officer in the U.S. Information Agency whose lawyer insisted he never meant to harm the U.S. although he delivered Government documents to a foreign agent. David Truong, 32, a Vietnamese peace activist, said he simply wanted to help effect a rapprochement between the U.S. and his homeland.

The U.S. Government pursued its prosecution with immense care and zeal,

for more was at stake than the fates of a pair of inept spies. The trial, which ended in the colonial courthouse in Alexandria, Va., last Friday, set the stage for the testing of a crucial constitutional question: whether a U.S. President can order wiretaps without a judicial warrant in cases involving national security.

Much of the evidence used in the case against Truong and Humphrey, accused of passing classified documents to Communist Viet Nam, was developed after bugging devices and a hidden camera revealed the conspiracy. Even though Congress is now considering a bill to ban warrantless surveillance, the Justice Department wanted to pursue its case in the courts. If Truong and Humphrey could be convicted and their conviction sustained on appeal, U.S. Presidents could continue to order the surveillance of suspected foreign espionage agents without prior court approval.

A year ago an intelligence review uncovered what one investigator called "one of the worst leaks in State Department history." Acting with Jimmy Carter's consent, Attorney General Griffin Bell ordered a tap to be placed on the phone of Truong, expatriate son of a South Vietnamese "peace candidate" who ran unsuccessfully in 1967. The FBI quickly traced one of Truong's contacts to the U.S.A. The suspect turned out to be Humphrey, a middle-ranking official who had served three years in Viet Nam and was desperately trying to extricate his Vietnamese mistress and her children from Saigon, where they remained after the Communist takeover in 1975. Moving in, the FBI borrowed a Vietnamese woman agent from the CIA to act as a courier between Truong and Vietnamese officials in Paris. It also planted a hidden TV camera in Humphrey's office. In June, the woman met Truong at a shopping center in Alexandria, where he handed her a grocery bag full of documents, some marked SECRET and CONFIDENTIAL.

Those papers, insisted the Government, contained vital data about national security. Defense lawyers answered that the sack held little more than "diplomatic chit-chat" and assorted trivia. One cable marked SECRET was a published interview. Other sensitive items included copies of the *Congressional Record* and a book on fish protein concentrate. But some papers were not so banal. Humphrey admitted releasing confidential cables to Truong in the forlorn hope of freeing his mistress. The two defense lawyers cooperated throughout most of the trial, but at the end Humphrey's attorney dramatically turned on Truong, accusing him of being a professional spy who had duped Humphrey into his misdeeds.

The tactic failed to separate the pair in the eyes of the jury. After two days of deliberations, both men were found guilty on six of the seven counts of espionage, making them subject to life imprisonment. As for Humphrey's mistress, she was freed last July.

Americana

Subliminal Scenario



Back in the '50s, there was a fuss over a brainwashing technique known as subliminal communication. A movie theater found that if its films included tiny blips of commercials for popcorn and soda—moving past so quickly that the viewer did not consciously realize he was seeing them—popcorn and soda sales went up. These results were highly uncertain, though, and the technique was abandoned. Since 1957 it has been against FCC policy to permit subliminal techniques on television. Last month, however, the agency made an emergency exception.

The case involved an undisclosed Midwestern television station—reportedly KAKL-TV of Wichita, Kans. Over the past year, someone had written a number of letters to the station indicating he had committed a murder and watched the station's newscasts. At the suggestion of a psychiatrist and with the approval of the police, the station spliced into its news account of the murder a subliminal message CONTACT THE CHIEF. Unfortunately, the ploy failed. But perhaps by coincidence, the unknown suspect stopped writing letters to the station.

Limiting Limitation

Resting in the foothills of the Rockies, Boulder, Colo. (pop. 85,000), has been called "the nicest small town in the U.S." It wants to stay that way. Last year it put a quota of 450 on the construction of new houses as a means of limiting population growth to 2% a year.

The surrounding county, too, is concerned about holding down growth. Says Walden Toews, chairman of the Boulder County commission: "We would like to avoid becoming an Orange County [Calif.], where every inch of space has been developed and where the orange groves that gave it the name are gone."

For a referendum held this month, Toews' commission devised an unusual plan to keep the landscape unchanged. It proposed a new 5% sales tax that would raise \$3 million per year to fund the purchase of nearby farmland

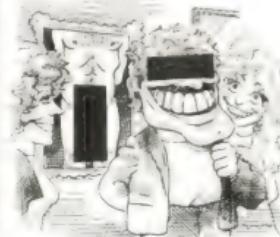
grazing lands. The move aroused spirited opposition. Farmers who feared being dispossessed and individuals concerned about rising housing costs argued that the new legislation would give too much power to the county commissioners, interfere with the right of towns to expand, and add to already excessive taxation. In the end, they won: the proposal was defeated 23,419 to 15,761. So there are limits to the limiting of growth after all.

Private Showing

"Vulgarity is a part of life and art," said one student at the prestigious Rhode Island School of Design. He was trying to explain why scandalized officials in Providence should appreciate the new art exhibition staged off-campus last week by the school's students and faculty. Its subject: "Private parts. Any size. Any medium. Any thing. Any one. Any private Any part."

The 110 works were mainly photographs of the obvious sort, but one contributor provided an actual rattrap sprung on an unfortunate male, and one mysteriously offered a collection of sea shells. For anyone inspired to join in at the last moment, there was a booth equipped with a Polaroid camera.

After reviews of the show appeared in the local papers, hundreds of art lovers turned up at the studio. One irate city councilman threatened cancellation of the school's tax-exempt status, accusing the participants of "violating every standard of the community under the guise of art." The Providence police apparently shared his indignation. Under a new antipornography law that had been signed the very day the show opened, the cops raided the place and seized some 43 drawings and paintings. City Solicitor Ronald Glantz hoped, however, that he would not have to prosecute. Said he: "The whole thing is absurd. The law is unconstitutional. We'd have to put shorts on half of the city's statutes."





Helicopters destroyed at Kolwezi airport by attacking guerrillas



President Mobutu in helmet at briefing before inspecting battle area

World

ZAIRE

The Shaba Tigers Return

And the West once more helps Mobutu stop an invasion

Once again the copper-rich region of Shaba (formerly Katanga Province) in southeastern Zaire was engulfed in civil war. An estimated 5,000 Katangese guerrillas of the Congo National Liberation Front (F.L.N.C.), which has been seeking autonomy for Shaba since Zaire gained its independence from Belgium in 1960, launched a deadly strike on the region from their bases in Marxist-run Angola. In a seesaw battle with the forces of President Mobutu Sese Seko, the Katangese rebels—who variously refer to themselves as *les tigres* (French for tigers) or *camaradas* (Portuguese for comrades)—captured the provincial capital of Kolwezi (pop. 100,000). The rebels carried out cold-blooded executions, slaughtering at least 100 whites and 300 blacks, before they were driven from the city.

There was an ominous sense of déjà vu about the rebel incursion. In March 1977, another contingent of Katangese invaded Shaba, capturing the town of Mutsatsha and approaching to within 20 miles of Kolwezi before they were turned back by Mobutu's forces and 1,500 Moroccan soldiers who had been airlifted into the area by the French. Last week's invasion was not only bigger and better planned; it was also, according to Washington, actively supported by Cuban troops who have been

training the F.L.N.C. guerrillas in Angola. Responding to an urgent telephone plea from Mobutu, French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing dispatched 1,200 Foreign Legion paratroopers to Shaba. Belgian Premier Léon Tindemans sent another contingent of paras to help airlift 3,000 Europeans from Kolwezi. Units of the U.S. 82nd Airborne Division at Fort Bragg, N.C., were placed on alert, and the White House announced that 18 Air



Force C-141 transports, based in West Germany and along the U.S. East Coast, were assisting the French and Belgian operations.

Hearing radioed reports that Europeans in Kolwezi were being brutalized by the Katangese, French and Belgian units parachuted into the city. In bitter street-by-street fighting, they pushed the guerrillas back into isolated pockets and opened a corridor to Kolwezi airport, five miles outside of town, which had been recaptured by Zaire troops. At week's end the rebel hold on the city was broken and a mass airlift of refugees began. For some the aid came too late. Paratroopers found clusters of bodies, and survivors told of mock trials on street corners followed by swift executions. Some Zaire soldiers who had fallen into rebel hands had been killed the same way.

One of the first reporters to visit Kolwezi after its liberation was TIME Correspondent William McWhirter. His report:

"Kolwezi was a devastated ghost town, eerily vacant and lifeless: its wide boulevards and veranda lanes were silent. Comfortable African bungalow homes were deserted or shattered. Main-street shops, along with the bank and the small, pleasant hotel, had been rampaged through, looted, burned, their windows broken. A thick, sickening smell hovered

over the town. The scene was hauntingly like a horror film where all signs of life had suddenly been seized and stopped. There were bodies on every street, some beside the cars where they had been ambushed and shot. African women had been gunned down as they crossed the tree-shaded intersections. Bodies of dead Zairian soldiers whose trucks had careened and smashed off the road were left in positions of disarray.

We heard horrifying stories of torture as well as death. Men were rounded up and taken to rebel centers in the bank or nearby schools for long periods of interrogation by the Katangese. Without explanation, some were released. Others were taken away and never seen again. One man denied to rebels who appeared at his house that he had any money. His jaw was smashed with a rifle butt and all his teeth were knocked out. Not until Kolwezi was liberated did he receive any treatment. Another man had tried vainly to close his front door on the rebels. When his hand was caught in the jamb, the rebels simply cut off his fingers. He also remained for days without treatment.

The most horrifying scene took place in one small room of a residence where 34 men, women and children (all Europeans) had been executed by machine-gun fire. Almost every white-owned house in the town was subjected to looting of jewelry, money, clothing and almost anything else that could be dropped into huge 'collection' baskets the rebels carried. In the home where the mass atrocity was committed, six- and seven-year-old children were sent by the rebels to remove watches and rings from the victims. One housewife, still in a state of shock, reported seeing the body of a woman neighbor eaten by packs of roaming dogs."

The fighting in Shaba demonstrated the vulnerability of Zaire, a huge, mineral-rich land of more than 200 tribes and four major language groups that the dictatorial Mobutu—he grandly refers to himself as *le Guide*—has kept yoked together largely by force. Shaba is essential

to Zaire's survival: its copper mines provide the bulk of the country's annual revenues of \$1.3 billion. However, the Lunda tribesmen of Shaba have long resented the indifference shown them by the central government in Kinshasa. In 1960, United Nations forces were dispatched to the area to put down an abortive independence movement led by the late Katangese leader Moïse Tshombe, whose memory is still revered by many of the Angola-based rebels. Before they were repulsed by Zairian and Moroccan troops last year, the Katangese guerrillas, whose slogan is "Vanquish or die," warned the 3,000 or so Westerners working in the province that they would return. Last week the tigers lived up to that vow.

The invasion apparently caught Mobutu's troops in Shaba by surprise. The rebels came from two directions. Some moved along the Benguela railroad, which runs from Shaba through Angola to the Atlantic Ocean. Others passed through the northern tip of Zambia, whose Lunda tribesmen are friendly kin of the Katangese exiles. They traveled in small groups and wore native dress, but carried AK-47s and other Soviet-made equipment over their shoulders. They insisted that no "Cubans" had come with them. Nonetheless, guerrillas declared that their goal was not simply the liberation of Shaba from Kinshasa's rule but the ouster of Mobutu and the creation of a more radical government in Zaire.

Both Westerners in Shaba and the province's citizens have vivid, unpleasant memories of the last incursion. Says one European professional who befriended the tigers while living under their 1977 occupation: "They said this would be another Viet Nam. They told us frankly they were not secessionists but an army of liberation whose aim was to take over the whole of Zaire. All of us were told that if we were still here when they returned, it would be the end of us. We would then be considered pro-Mobutu. Last year when the guerrillas came in, they were welcomed by the people with joy and jubilation. But after a short time, they realized that things were going to be even worse

than they were under Mobutu." The guerrillas, apparently, were abusive and rough with the local population; many of them were seen drunk or high on marijuana. When they left, they took hundreds of youths, many no older than twelve, as conscripted recruits to their cause. Says one disillusioned supporter: "They behaved just like soldiers."

In repelling last year's incursion, Mobutu's troops also behaved like soldiers—or worse. People suspected of helping the rebels were herded into huts, which were then doused with gasoline and set afire. Only the presence of the Moroccans, tribesmen say, prevented the death toll from rising into the thousands. As it is, the Lunda people are terrified of reprisals if the new rebel attack on Shaba is turned back. "We want to be left in peace," says Chief Lukama, leader of a Lunda contingent that sought refuge in Zambia. "We are eager to go back home to Zaire when it is peaceful. We don't mind Mobutu if he ever left our people alone."

Despite his skill at keeping Zaire united, Mobutu is one of Africa's less savory leaders, and his country is virtually bankrupt. Corruption at all levels of government is endemic: only \$120 million of an anticipated \$450 million from coffee sales last year ended up in treasury coffers. Inflation gallops at the rate of over 75% a year, unemployment is on the rise, and there are periodic shortages of food and other essential commodities. Largely because of a worldwide decline in copper prices, the country's G.N.P. has declined about 5% annually since 1976, and every year Zaire defaults on about \$100 million worth of its international debts. Foreign experts were banished in Mobutu's sweeping "Zairianization" program of 1973-74. Since then a country with some of the world's richest agricultural farming areas has had to import about \$300 million worth of food—much of it from Rhodesia and South Africa. Yet even Mobutu has admitted that despite efforts to reform agricultural distribution, "90% of all imports remain in

French Foreign Legion paratroopers waiting to board transport at Kinshasa airport for their drop into Kolwezi battle area



World

Kinshasa and do not reach the interior."

Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that opposition groups are active in Zaire. Even before last week's invasion, Mobutu had to send troops to Shaba to pacify the region. Last March, after a mass trial in Kinshasa, 13 army officers were executed and 70 imprisoned for "high treason and conspiracy." The grim verdict of one Kinshasa resident: "We are plunged in despair."

There are no lingering illusions in Washington, Paris or Brussels about the quality of Mobutu's regime. But the Zairian leader is a staunch anti-Communist and a proven friend of the West, while the Cuban-backed insurgents apparently have Marxist goals. Beyond that, the three Western governments faced the humanitarian obligation to evacuate the estimated 3,000 foreigners who were threatened

caused something of a stir both at home and abroad. Socialist Party Leader François Mitterrand, speaking before the National Assembly in Paris, said that "it's absolutely impossible to have this kind of operation going on without the Assembly knowing about it." He also charged that the legionnaires' intervention was not justified by France's cooperation agreements with Zaire. Meanwhile in Brussels, government officials—who had felt all along that the French were intruding in a Belgian preserve—complained that they had not been given adequate notice of the paratroop drop on Kolwezi. "I was informed," said Premier Tindemans testily, "but my advice was not sought."

Tindemans' complaint reflected a feeling of uneasiness about the growing French military role in Africa. France now has the second largest external force

help Mobutu under terms of the International Security Assistance Act of 1977, which allows the President to provide certain aid to a foreign country—without congressional approval—if it is deemed "in the national security interests of the United States." Carter authorized \$2.5 million worth of training for Zairian military officers and \$17.5 million in credits for the purchase of "nonlethal" equipment, including medical supplies and spare parts. With that as a prologue, the Administration announced that military transports would fly support missions for the French and the Belgians.

In Brussels, NATO Secretary-General Joseph Luns said that by sending C-141s to Zaire, Washington "was not carrying the baby but was pushing the pram." Somewhat more prosaically, White House officials conceded that the limited U.S. assistance to Zaire was a signal that the U.S. was indeed prepared 1) to help threatened friends, and 2) to make life a little more difficult for Cuba's soldiers of fortune in Africa. In Havana, President Fidel Castro summoned Chief of the U.S. Mission Lyle F. Lane to his office to insist that Cubans were not involved in the Shaba incursion. Washington was skeptical. Said one high official, referring to Cuban involvement not only in Zaire but in Angola, Ethiopia and other African nations: "There is evidence that the Cubans are getting somewhat more brazen about their participation in these things."



Demonstrators in Kinshasa carrying signs demanding an end to Soviet-Cuban imperialism

Since Washington agrees with the sentiment, it will hold its nose and continue support

by the fighting in the Shaba region. There was little hesitation in the three capitals in responding to Mobutu's call for help.

Since about two-thirds of the Europeans were Belgian, Brussels was first to announce that it was mounting a military rescue operation. Hercules C-130 transports and Boeing 707s, with about 1,500 paratroopers aboard, took off Thursday from Melsbroek airbase in Belgium for Zaire. That morning, after French President Giscard held an emergency meeting with his military and political advisers, France announced it too would help Europeans trapped in Kolwezi. (Some Foreign Legionnaires had already been flown to Zaire from Calvi airbase in Corsica.)

On Friday, Giscard announced in a television interview that French paratroopers had attacked Kolwezi in two waves. "It was necessary," he said, "to carry out the operation as quickly and quietly as possible." Giscard's statement

on the continent—after the Cubans in addition to the legionnaires in Shaba. Paris has 7,000 troops garrisoned in such former possessions as the Ivory Coast, Senegal, Gabon and Djibouti. French forces also serve with the United Nations in Lebanon and twice recently—in Mauritania and Chad—have come to the assistance of governments facing intense guerrilla pressure. The increasingly visible presence of Giscard's troops has earned them the unflattering sobriquet "the French Cubans" and raised accusations that they represent a new form of colonialism.

The trouble in Zaire broke out at a time when the White House was preparing to ask Congress to ease restrictions on U.S. support for friendly governments endangered by insurrections. The invasion of Shaba turned out to be a good example of why President Carter wants some changes made. But even with present restrictions the Administration found a way to

S haba was not the only part of Africa where the Cubans had an impact last week. In Addis Ababa, Ethiopian Strongman Mengistu Haile Mariam announced that his forces had launched their long-awaited offensive against two liberation groups that control most of Eritrea Province, with attacks around Asmara and along the Red Sea coast. The Cuban role in this conflict was unclear. Both Eritrean spokesmen and Colonel Mengistu indicated that Cuban soldiers were taking part in the offensive, although Mengistu did not specifically state that they were involved in the fighting—as they had been in Ethiopia's recent battles against Somali rebels in the Ogaden region. In Tanzania, Cuban diplomats insisted that their country's forces were not involved militarily in Eritrea. Havana's representatives said they were trying to convince Mengistu that the Eritrean problem could not be solved militarily and that he ought to work out some degree of autonomy for the province, since he and the secessionists share a common Marxist ideology.

Conceivably, the Cubans were trying to make the best of an embarrassing situation. Before the overthrow of Emperor Haile Selassie in 1974, Havana had supported and trained the Eritreans. But after the Marxists took power in Ethiopia, both the Cubans and the Soviet Union abruptly abandoned the Eritreans in order to back a stronger revolutionary group. ■

A Vote and More Violence

After Moro's murder, a trend toward the political center

Italians had reasons for both hope and alarm last week following the obsequies for assassinated former Premier and Christian Democratic Leader Aldo Moro. In local elections affecting two provinces and 816 cities and towns, voters turned out in record numbers (3.4 million, or 10% of the electorate). Shunning the extremes, they cast their ballots for the parties of the political center and handed an unexpected loss to Italy's Communist Party. But as if to prove that the country would have no reprieve from violence, terrorists of the Red Brigades and other radical groups carried out a series of bombings and almost daily hit-and-run attacks against isolated victims in several cities.

Although no parliamentary seats were at stake, the elections were seen as an important index of the national mood. The results surprised even those who had expected the Christian Democrats to benefit from a wave of sympathy after Moro's murder. The party won 42.5% of the vote (up from 39% in the 1976 general election), while the Communists took only 26.5% (down from 34%). Recouping their losses of two years ago, the Socialists came in with a respectable 13.5%. The centrist Republicans and Social Democrats also gained, while the neo-Fascist Italian Social Movement and the far left Proletarian Democrats lost heavily.

At Christian Democratic headquarters in Rome, official mourning for Moro gave way to momentary ebullience over the *bastonata* (thrashing) delivered to the Communists. The victory strengthened the position of Premier Giulio Andreotti and Party Secretary Bettino Craxi as heirs to Moro's leadership. Eventually, however, the election results could give those conservative regulars in the party who are unhappy about collaborating with the Communists new incentive to challenge that leadership. As one Christian Democratic strategist put it: "I knew we should have gone for an early election last winter instead of forming a government with Communist support."

The mood at Communist headquarters was sullen and depressed, although spokesmen argued that the party traditionally does better in general elections than in local contests where Christian Democratic patronage is entrenched. Party officials admitted that, despite their forceful stand against bargaining with Moro's kidnappers, they had been tarred by the terrorists' use of the "Red label" and what they called the "illicit misrepresentation of the Communist name." Giancarlo Pajetta, a prominent Communist leader, fumed against Christian Democratic politicians in the provinces who had called the Red Brigades "the Communists' children" in campaign speeches.

The election will probably not have any immediate effect on the governing

agreement between the Christian Democrats and the Communists so skillfully worked out by Moro earlier this year. The day after the results were tallied, in fact, all the major parties gave the government an overwhelming vote of confidence (522 members in favor, 27 opposed, 3 abstentions) for its seven-week-old antiterrorist decree. The measure raises the penalty for a kidnapping-homicide to life imprisonment and gives Italy's police wider arrest and interrogation powers.

Parliament was so busy with terrorism that little notice was given to an unrelated turning point in Italy's social history. Confirming an earlier Chamber of Deputies decision, the Senate, by a vote



Print-Shop Owner Enrico Triaca escorted to jail after arrest as a Red Brigades member. Surprising election returns provided a little hope, but there was no reprieve from terror.

of 160 to 148, passed a long contested bill legalizing state-subsidized abortion on demand for women over 18 during the first 90 days of pregnancy.

Despite the terrorists' failure to disrupt the government, some Italians are pessimistic about its long-term future. In an interview with Rome Bureau Chief Jordan Bonfante, Gianni Agnelli, chairman of Fiat, the giant \$13 billion industrial complex, complained that normal parliamentary life is being displaced by agreement at the top between the Christian Democrats and the Communists. In the future, he said, if Italy is to avoid outright authoritarian rule, it may be forced to settle for a vague extraparliamentary *modus vivendi*, arranged among what he calls the "real social forces," such as the trade unions, industry, the Ministry of the Interior and the police ranks. The risk of such a "deteriorated form of democracy," he said, is that it could deteriorate further into something like the Peronism of Argentina in the 1950s.

In Rome, police made what may be an important breakthrough. They raided a small print shop where they believed Moro's kidnappers might have prepared the messages that were sent to the government and his family. The raid turned up an IBM typewriter of the kind used in the messages, arms, and Red Brigades leaflets claiming responsibility for the kidnapping of Piero Costa, a Genoa shipping magnate, in 1976. The shop's owner, Enrico Triaca, 30, was arrested along with nine other suspects, whom police were investigating for possible connections to the kidnaping.

Other terrorists, however, carried on their random strikes. Near Milan a masked gang announcing itself as Red Brigades forced its way into the Italian subsidiary of Honeywell Corp. and set fire to a storehouse, destroying \$1.1 million in electronic equipment. That attack followed a "kneecapping" (the technique de-

veloped by the I.R.A. in Ireland of shooting at the legs of an Italian executive of the Milan branch of Chemical Bank of New York. The violence has caused some members of the international business community to think seriously about security. Said one Western diplomat in Rome: "I know more than one executive who's been doing some target practice with a newly bought pistol."

Meanwhile, Moro's grieving family, who had shunned the state funeral presided over by Pope Paul VI, held a private memorial Mass in the modern Church of Christ the King in Rome. A cleric read a prayer composed by the slain statesman's widow, Eleonora, who had pleaded in vain with party and government leaders to negotiate for her husband's life. "We pray that we may be delivered from every desire for vengeance," it said in part. "We implore mercy for the executors of the horrible crime, and for all those who, out of fear, meanness and jealousy, consented to it."

World

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

Attempted Coup or No Coup?

For the puzzled Dominicans, that is the question

Even as the early voting returns started trickling in last week, a trend in the presidential balloting was becoming apparent. In his attempt to win an unprecedented fourth term, Dominican Republic President Joaquin Balaguer was slipping further behind his principal challenger, Antonio Guzman of the Dominican Revolutionary Party. By 4 a.m. on the day after the election, with about one-fourth of the ballots counted, Guzman was leading by 326,076 to 218,073.

At that moment, an army officer with soldiers burst into Santo Domingo's electoral commission headquarters and declared: "This is now over! Get out!" Technicians broadcasting the results were ordered to cut their signals; radios and television sets throughout the country went dead. As word spread of the army's intervention, the country of 5 million was thrown into confusion. Had a coup taken place that would invalidate the election and keep Balaguer in power?

The armed forces immediately denied that there had been a coup, stating in a communiqué that "false rumors are being spread by the enemies of peace." Yet Santo Domingo had the look of a city in the midst of military takeover. Troops patrolled the streets of the capital as apprehensive Dominicans remained safely inside their homes.

Some knowing Dominicans insisted that the invasion of electoral headquarters was an impetuous decision by Santo Domingo Police Chief Nefti Nivar Sejas. According to this theory, the top cop, a veteran backer of Balaguer, panicked when

he saw the voting returns running against his boss. Balaguer denied this. The army's interference, he explained after nearly two days of silence, was the fault of a mere lieutenant who decided, on his own, to safeguard the ballots after he had heard rumors of a planned coup.

While the country was trying to figure out just what had happened, officials of the President's Reformista Party were claiming victory. But so was Guzman. The wealthy 67-year-old rancher and coffee planter told a news conference: "It is up to the electoral board to declare me the winner. We will not allow the official election results to be altered." Manuel Joaquin Castillo, head of the board, insisted that no one had yet won and at week's end announced that the counting of ballots had resumed. He warned his countrymen, however, that the tally "might take ten or 15 days—or longer."

Whatever the real story behind the army's halt of the tabulating, Dominicans had good reasons to suspect a coup in support of the President. No group has benefited more from Balaguer's long tenure than military officers; with their luxurious homes and flashy cars, they rank among the wealthiest Dominicans.

Now nearly blind at 70, Balaguer came to power after the 1965 civil war, in which U.S. troops, later backed by units from other members of the Organization of American States, intervened to prevent what seemed like an imminent Communist takeover. Under Balaguer's relatively democratic rule, the country at first made impressive economic gains. The gross na-

tional product, for instance, rose an average of 10% annually from 1970 to 1975. But in recent years sharp increases in the price of imported oil coupled with a fall in the world price for sugar, the country's main export, have meant economic disaster. Unemployment has hit 20%.

Balaguer is widely blamed for these conditions, as he is for the country's rampant corruption. While his own honesty has rarely been questioned, he seems to have done little to check the graft of other officials and the military. Exploiting Balaguer's liabilities, the Dominican Revolutionary Party, a centrist movement despite its radical name, seems to appeal to many Dominicans as a fresh alternative to the ailing incumbent.

Although the U.S. has had close ties to Balaguer, Washington was clearly upset by the possibility of a coup. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance last week sent Balaguer a tough personal message warning that "subversion of the election process would have serious effects on our bilateral relations." These warnings apparently had their effect. In his radio address, Balaguer seemed to accept the likelihood of defeat and vowed that "constitutionality will not perish in my hands." The troops patrolling the capital were then ordered back to their barracks.

Despite these developments, there are lingering fears that the military might still be tempted to overturn a Balaguer electoral defeat. A spokesman for Guzman, however, warned that his party "will oppose force with force." For the Dominican Republic, at peace for the past twelve years, this would mean a new civil war. And even if the generals allow Guzman to take office as President, they are certain to remain a continuing challenge to his authority.



Challenger Antonio Guzman surrounded by backers at rally



Ballot boxes, under military guard, being taken to election headquarters

A country thrown into confusion when radios went dead, streets emptied and the vote count stopped.

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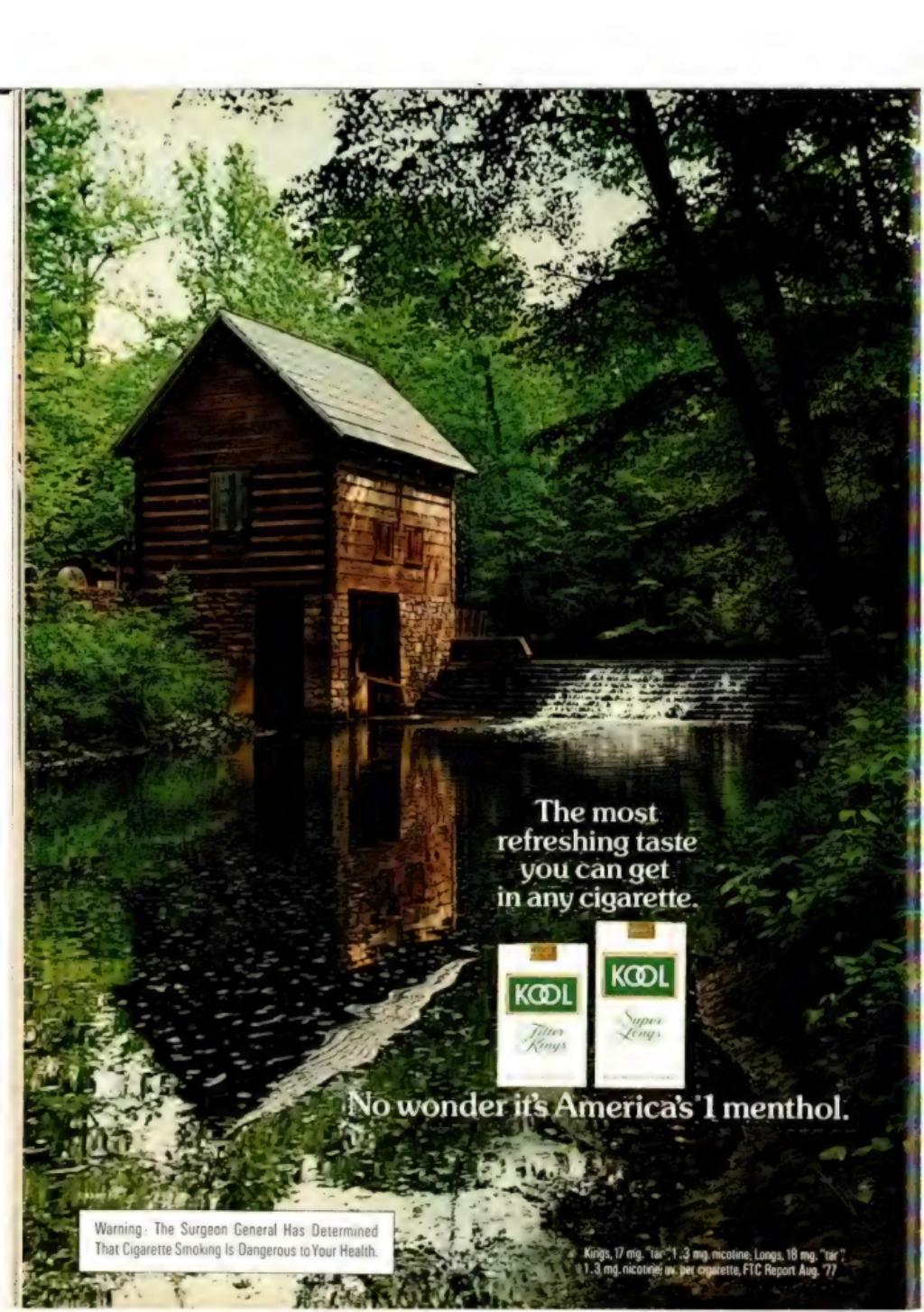
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World

SOVIET UNION

Guilty As Charged

A "circus" trial threatens dissidents

The sign outside the dingy, heavily guarded building in southwestern Moscow proclaimed PEOPLE'S COURT. But what went on inside it last week was a caricature of justice. After four days of carefully rigged proceedings, a panel of three judges handed down the expected verdict: Yuri Orlov, a leading Soviet dissident who had been held incommunicado for more than 15 months, was found guilty of "anti-Soviet agitation and propaganda." The 53-year-old physician was then sentenced to seven years in a labor camp, to be followed by five years of exile in a remote part of the Soviet Union. In Washington, a State Department spokesman called the trial "a gross distortion of internationally accepted standards of human rights."

Orlov's "crime," in the Kremlin's eyes, was his role in organizing a Moscow committee to monitor Soviet compliance with the human rights provisions of the 1975 Helsinki accord on European Security and Cooperation. The committee prepared a number of documents, petitions and open addresses charging that "many hundreds" of Soviet citizens were "languishing in prisons and camps [for] political, ethical and religious beliefs." Free emigration and reunification of families, according to Orlov's group, were still being severely hampered, even though these rights were endorsed by the Helsinki accord. Introducing these reports as evidence at last week's trial, the state prosecutor maintained that they were "a fabrication from beginning to end."

Orlov's opportunity to defend himself was sharply restricted. John MacDonald,

the British lawyer whom Orlov had wanted as his attorney, was not allowed to enter the Soviet Union. In his place, the court appointed Yevgeni Shalman, a Moscow lawyer who, according to MacDonald, has "worked for the KGB for a time." Neither Orlov nor Shalman, moreover, could cross-examine the prosecution's 15 witnesses or call witnesses of their own.

Although the Soviet news agency Tass described the proceeding as an "open trial," Orlov's sympathizers were barred from the courtroom, as were foreign journalists and a representative of the U.S. embassy. Other members of the Helsinki monitoring group gathered outside the court building, frequently clashing verbally with the police and KGB security agents. Nobel Laureate Andrei Sakharov, the Soviet Union's leading dissident, and his wife Yelena were pushed by the police. They shoved back, were thrown into a van and taken to a police station, where they were held for several hours.

Orlov's wife Irina, 33, and his two sons (by a previous marriage) were allowed to witness the trial. During recesses, they briefed newsmen and sympathizers outside. Irina, describing the proceedings as a circus, said that her husband did not deny giving the monitor committee's documents to Western journalists. But he insisted that he did so for humanitarian reasons, to bring Soviet practice in line with Moscow's pledges at Helsinki. Orlov sarcastically asked the judges: "Is it a crime to meet foreign correspondents?" According to his wife, he was constantly interrupted by "spectators," hand-picked by the authorities, who shouted "Traitor." "You're lying."

Now that Orlov has been convicted and sentenced, Soviet authorities may soon begin the trials of two other well known members of the Helsinki monitoring committee: Computer Specialist Anatoli Gusharsky and Writer Alexander Ginzburg. Meanwhile, the police have been harassing, arresting and trying less well known dissidents. A court in the Soviet Republic of Georgia last week sentenced Zviad Gamsakhurdia, a writer, and Merab Kostava, a musicologist. They, like Orlov, had belonged to a Helsinki monitoring group.

The Kremlin's crackdown seems to be successful: the dissident movement has fallen to its lowest level of activity in several years. But the new policy may contribute to the strains in U.S.-Soviet relations. Indeed, Washington has warned that detente, SALT I and the easing of current trade restriction may be endangered if Moscow continues its hard line against the human rights advocates. ■



Egyptian President Anwar Sadat

EGYPT

Sadat in Trouble

Challenges from left and center

"I will crush anyone who creates doubt." So said Egyptian President Anwar Sadat as he called for a nationwide referendum to take place this week. Although his position was bolstered by the U.S. Senate action approving the sale to Egypt of 50 American-made F-5E fighter jets, Sadat is locked in a battle with opponents from both the left and the center of Egyptian politics, who challenge both his diplomacy and his domestic policies. TIME Cairo Bureau Chief Wilton Wynn reports on the increasing tension:

President Sadat proposed a referendum on whether Egypt should continue to allow political activity by 1) those who "advocate an ideology contrary to divine law," and 2) those who in previous times were convicted of "corrupting the country's political life." His targets were obvious: 1) a small but active leftist party and 2) the leaders of the re-emerging Wafd (delegation) Party, which dominated the country in the days of King Farouk.

Opposition activity has grown in direct proportion to the fading of the euphoria generated by Sadat's historic mission to Jerusalem. The problems facing overpopulated Egypt—poverty, inflation, corruption, inadequate housing and public transport—are so enormous that no government can begin to solve them, at least in the short run. Now that Sadat's peace initiative has stalled, critics of his pro-American policy are starting to exploit the country's endemic problems as a way of rallying the opposition.

Complaints are not ordinarily aimed directly at Sadat but at prominent people close to him. Among the prime targets is Osman Ahmed Osman, the millionaire contractor whose son Mahmud is mar-



Convicted Soviet Physicist Yuri Orlov

The expected verdict in rigged proceedings

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World

ried to Sadat's daughter Jihan. Osman has a brilliant record as a builder—he was chief contractor for the Aswan High Dam, and did much of the reconstruction of the ruined Suez Canal zone—but his vast wealth and his influence over Sadat invite attacks by the opposition, mainly on corruption charges. Because Osman is his closest friend and adviser, Sadat knows that these attacks are really aimed at him.

The most outspoken of the opposition parties is the National Progressive Unionist Party, a grouping of Marxists and socialists led by Khaled Mohieddin, who was known as the "Red Major" when he was a member of Gamal Abdel Nasser's Revolutionary Command Council. Among the leftist charges: much of the \$10 billion given to Egypt by Saudi Arabia and other oil-rich Arab states since 1973 has never reached the people; a bribe of \$1.5 million was paid to a government official to get a hotel project started near the Pyramids; the army sold a plane, a gift from another Arab state, to an influential Egyptian at half its value. The government has routinely denied the charges.

By contrast, the Wafd Party, which was reborn only three months ago, has been restrained in criticizing Sadat. But during a hotly contested by-election campaign in Alexandria this month, Wafd Leader Fuad Serageddin spoke for three hours as thousands cheered, giving the impression that he would soon mount a serious challenge to the regime. It was the Wafd that led Egypt's struggle for independence from the British after World War I and often clashed with Farouk in attempting to limit the powers of the monarchy. After Nasser came to power in 1952, the Wafd was banned, along with other parties, and many of its leaders were imprisoned. Its re-emergence inevitably increases the pressure on the present government.

It is not clear how far Sadat is prepared to go in cracking down on his critics. He is afraid that the present "campaigns of doubt" could return the country to the chaos of the past, and he is disturbed about the recent leftist coup in Afghanistan and the continuing rioting in Iran. On the other hand, he has worked hard to earn a reputation as a liberal who has restored a multiparty system and political freedom after the Nasser dictatorship, and he does not want to tarnish that image.

The best solution for Sadat's domestic problems would be a resounding success for his peace initiative. But at the moment he has no remaining cards to play in pushing the negotiating process. The F-5E sale helps him, to be sure, but its value will be short-lived unless the U.S. can come up with its own peace plan and promote it vigorously. Otherwise, the political freedom gained by Egyptians since Sadat came to power is likely to be eroded as the President takes action to retain order over the threat of chaos. ■

LEBANON

The Thin Blue Line

The most difficult operation of its kind in U.N. history

The Fiji Islanders and the Irish are still on the way, but already on the ground in southern Lebanon are some 4,500 blue-helmeted soldiers from France, Norway, Canada, Senegal, Nigeria, Iran and Nepal. These polyglot forces make up the United Nations Interim Force in Lebanon (UNIFIL). Its mandate: to form a buffer zone between the Israeli army and the guerrillas of the Palestine Liberation Organization. Last week TIME Cairo Correspondent Dean Breis and Jerusalem Bureau Chief Donald Neff separately visited the region for a glimpse of what U.N.

we're here. So the people can come back."

Last week, by official count, 70% of the Lebanese refugees were back in the villages and towns from which they had fled during the Israeli invasion two months ago. "UNIFIL has given us back our home life," says Ahmed Majzoub, a shopkeeper in the city of Tyre. "Now we don't wake up wondering how much chance we will have to live through the day."

This is not to say that the south is free of danger and death. Nine members of the UNIFIL force have died and 15 have

been wounded by mines and in firefights. In the beginning, too many of the U.N. troops were unfamiliar with mines. Now they are becoming more savvy, and the Norwegians have brought in specially trained dogs that can sniff out the mines.

The troops job is almost impossible, but they are learning. Before the Israelis pulled back to a six-mile-wide zone along the border, the Norwegians were confronted one day by a group of Israeli soldiers who wanted to come into the Norwegians' camp and look around. The Norwegian commander did not want the Israelis in his camp and told them so. They insisted. Sensing trouble, the commander put an end to the affair by ordering his men to attack the Israelis by using their tent poles as clubs, all the while chanting a war cry. The astonished Israelis grinned and backed away. "If anyone challenges us," explained the Norwegian commander later, "we tell them, 'You win if you fight us with guns, but you will be responsible for winning.' So far we've been lucky; we've encountered smart soldiers who understand our job."

Last week there was a confrontation between the Senegalese and 60 armed members of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, who wanted to infiltrate the area alongside the Israeli lines. After a day-long argument, these members of the P.L.O.'s radical wing agreed to take off their combat uniforms and head back north of the Litani River. But they kept their weapons, and there is no guarantee that they will not try again. Says Ghanaian General Emmanuel Erskine, UNIFIL's Sandhurst-trained commander: "We have to assist the Lebanese government to establish its own authority in the area. Once that is done, I suppose it will be time for the U.N. to pull out."

Fedayeen on both sides of the Litani seemed particularly bitter about the



Gen. Erskine visiting Col. Salvan in Beirut hospital
Assisting Lebanese to establish authority.

Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim has called "the most difficult peace-keeping operation of its kind in the history of the U.N." Breis' report:

"There's no time for joking here," the Nigerian captain said sternly. Immediately, the men of his company stopped clowning and began to set up their UN flags and tents in the town of Deir Kanour. "That's more like it," said the captain. A crowd of children gathered around, fascinated by the tall black soldiers, their faces scarred with tribal markings. "Not much left to some of these places," the captain observed of the bullet-scarred walls and bombed-out buildings. Then, as the children began to applaud, he told a visitor, "That's why

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World

French troops "They came in thinking this was Algeria," complained a young commander of the P.F.L.P., "and that they could knock people around as they pleased." For their part, the French, whose headquarters are just south of Tyre but who are not permitted by the Palestinians to enter the city itself, spoke bitterly about what they called "the lies" being spread about them. Clearly, the French paratroopers have been stunned by the serious wounding of their commander, Colonel Jean-Germain Salvan, in a fight with a Palestinian faction earlier this month. He may be able to walk again in a year's time, but he will never again jump out of a plane.

Outside the French base camp is a hastily built row of canvas shops where the entrepreneurial Lebanese sell everything from cigarettes to transistor radios. A tailor sitting at his sewing machine says he is doing "terrific business" cutting and making tailored summer uniforms. One of the bestselling items is a spiral punk made in China and thought by the parades to be the best defense against the horde of mosquitoes. "C'est la vie," says a French trooper of the punk's nauseating aroma: "Bitter the smell than the bites."

Gradually the French are learning to make their duty a little more bearable. They send out wine tasters to sample the local vintages and buy the best bottles they can find for their mess. They also have what is known as the "Air France raiding party," a group that drives up to Beirut daily to pick up delicacies, newspapers and mail from Paris.

The highest-paid soldiers are the Norwegians—privates make \$700 a month—but they are not happy. They are reservists who never dreamed they would be called up for active duty. "We should have known," says one. "When we went on maneuvers last summer, we had a training exercise about being in southern Lebanon, and here we are. You can't take a walk outside the perimeter here because you could be picked up by the Palestinians. About the only thing to look at is the damned goats, and you wonder if someone is using them as a cover to sneak by you." To celebrate their national day on May 17, the Norwegians flew in 300 bottles of aquavit from home.

The Iranian troops struck me as the most listless of the U.N. forces, and the Gurkhas from Nepal as the most contented. They brought their bugles and drums with them to Lebanon, and an enormous silver bell used both for ceremonies and for sounding an alarm. "Our King believes in peace," says the Nepalese commander, Lieut. Colonel Keshar Bahadur Gantaula. "We came here in that spirit, and we'll

cations with the fedayeen command in this area."

Entering Lebanon from the south, Bureau Chief Neff found the P.L.O. still in control along much of his route. His report:



give anyone a fair chance. But, of course, if they don't respond, then we'll fight."

Despite some initial failures, the U.N. units seem to be coming to terms with the Palestinians. After a fight in which one of his men was wounded by a band of irregulars, the Norwegian commander, Major Tor Loset, went to see the local Palestinian leaders. "I told them we regretted using our weapons," he said later. "They told me they regretted the incident too. They said that none of their regular forces participated. I told them we should have a telephone line direct to their headquarters so we could communicate if there were future attempts to infiltrate our position. They agreed. I now have direct communica-

One complicating problem is that the Israelis are continuing to arm the Christian Lebanese along the southern border. When they eventually withdraw from the remaining territory they occupy, the Israelis hope to leave behind them a buffer zone of Christian villages. So, while the Christians are getting stronger, the Palestinians are getting angrier. "What right do all those countries have to be here?" demands one Palestinian. "They are doing Israel's dirty work."

The success or failure of UNIFIL's mission depends largely on Yasser Arafat. The P.L.O. chief has already informed the U.N. that he believes his troops have a right to return to southern Lebanon under the terms of the 1969 Cairo agreement, in which the Lebanese government granted the Palestinians the right to operate in certain areas of southern Lebanon. Arafat has told the U.N. that he therefore believes UNIFIL should assist in the return of his forces to the area. If Arafat should decide to fight UNIFIL, as the U.N. must surely realize, he would have every chance of winning a war of attrition.



Lebanese children with Senegalese soldier
Patience will eventually wear thin.

JORDAN

Hussein's New Light from America

The King chooses a lissome, Princeton-educated commoner

It was an improbable match. He is 42, a thrice-married widower, world-weary and prematurely gray after 26 years as leader of one of the Middle East's most pivotal and volatile nations. She is 26, a Princeton-educated single career girl with a keen interest in the arts. He is swarthy, dark-eyed and short (5 ft. 6 in.). She is blonde, blue-eyed and lissome at 5 ft. 7 in. He is a King, and she a commoner, but that seemed not to matter at all. Last week the royal court in Amman announced that Jordan's King Hussein had "chosen," as his "life partner" and fourth wife, Washington-born Elizabeth (Lisa) Halaby. She is the daughter of Najeeb Halaby, onetime Federal Aviation Administrator and Pan Am president whose forebears were Syrians. The wedding is expected to take place some time next month.

Unlike Hussein's Jordanian-born third wife, Alia, who died in a helicopter crash 15 months ago, Lisa will not, at least initially, be named Queen. Instead she will be a princess, with the Arabic name Nur el Hussein (Light of Hussein). Raised as a Protestant, she will convert to Islam. Hussein's courtship of Lisa Halaby was a whirlwind affair that spanned only ten weeks before he proposed and she accepted. After graduating from Princeton in 1974 with a degree in architecture, she took a job with an airlines service company in which her father holds an interest; a year ago she landed a position as designer and decorator for Alia, the Royal Jordanian Airlines. Lisa first met the King three months ago, when she and her visiting father were royal house guests at the winter palace in Aqaba. The twosome quickly discovered a common interest in sailing, skiing and driving fast cars, and Hussein was smitten.

Friends of both families hope that Princess Nur will light up Hussein's domestic life, which has been almost as stormy as his quarter-century reign over the embattled Hashemite kingdom. After establishing early in his adulthood a reputation as a playboy with a roving eye, the King was married briefly at 19 to a distant cousin. Following a divorce in 1957, he wed an English girl named Toni Gardiner and rechristened her Princess Muna el Hussein (Desire of Hussein). The King's desire waned in 1972, after he met beautiful Aia Toukan, 23, the U.S.-educated daughter of a prominent Jordanian family. The third wedding took place when the second divorce was made public, and Aia became Hussein's first Queen.

The happy King and Aia had a prince and princess of their own and adopted a baby girl orphaned by an airplane crash. When Aia was killed returning from a flying tour to a Jordanian hos-

pital, Hussein tearfully announced the death of "my precious companion." Before long, though, his name began to be linked with those of other women.

The girl he settled on already has a regal air. "She was very different from most of the females at Princeton, more determined," recalled an architecture-school classmate last week. "She was a controlled person." Known to her close friends as "Buck," she worked hard at her studies but liked to organize dinners and parties. She dropped out for a year to attend a photography workshop in Aspen, where she developed into a competent skier; she also plays a mean game of tennis and squash.

Hussein probably needs some joy in his private life to offset what Amman observers say is a deepening sense of iso-

lation, insecurity and pessimism. Although Jordan is prospering economically, he is worried about the future of his country and indeed about the entire Arab world. Unhappy about Egyptian President Anwar Sadat's peace initiative, he feels that President Carter is incapable of pressuring the Israelis into making concessions that would permit a peace settlement. If Sadat, by chance, were to sign a separate agreement with Israel, Hussein would come under pressure from Saudi Arabia and the U.S. to negotiate with Israel about the West Bank. But his powerful neighbors Syria and Iraq would exert counterpressure on him to try to block any such deal. The end result, the King gloomily concludes, would be an Israeli diplomatic triumph and an internecine split between Arab states.

Judging from the current lack of progress on peace negotiations, Hussein is not likely to feel any pressure over the West Bank in the near future. That ought to allow him plenty of leisure time to cement his latest American alliance. ■



King Hussein and his American fiancée, Lisa Halaby, at royal palace in Amman
A common interest in sailing, skiing and driving fast cars overcame a few differences

The airline was named after Hussein's eldest daughter, not his late wife.

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The Bakke Bottleneck

Similar cases are slowed as the High Court weighs a decision

Although his parents were poorly educated immigrants who spoke only Yiddish at home, Asar Stepak, 28, worked hard to learn English, and earned a 3.5 grade average at New York University. He applied for admission to the Rutgers College of Medicine and Dentistry of New Jersey. After Rutgers turned him down, Stepak sued in both state and federal court. His charge: Rutgers was giving blacks and other minorities an unconstitutional advantage in the admissions process, a charge that the school denies.

Stepak decided to sue after learning of the case brought by engineer Allan Bakke, whose "reverse discrimination" complaint against the medical school of

holding their breath. Courts and defendants are trying to do as little as possible until they see what the Bakke decision will say," says one lawyer. Notes Joseph Rauh, a leading civil rights attorney in Washington: "I don't blame the courts. They don't want to rule one way today and be reversed by the Supreme Court next month."

Among those caught waiting for the Bakke decision is Philip F. Dileo, an Italian American raised in humble circumstances in New York's Little Italy. Dileo is seeking to require the University of Colorado Law School to reconsider his application under an expanded definition of "disadvantaged" applicants—a category

screen program applicants. A white male applicant named Brian Weber sued for admission to the program claiming he had more seniority than many of the minority members accepted. Weber won his case in a 2-to-1 decision of the Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit. The judges denied a petition from Kaiser for a rehearing after confidentially advising Justice Department attorneys in Washington that they wanted to wait for the Bakke decision.

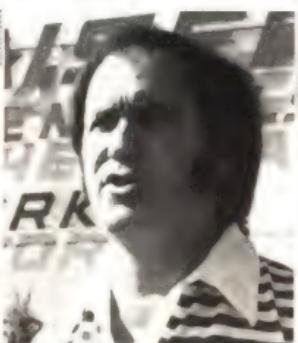
Much the same thing happened to James Cramer, a sociologist at the Georgetown University Institute of Criminal Law and Procedure. Cramer was hired for a one-year teaching job at Virginia Commonwealth University in 1973 and promised that he would be considered for a permanent job. But the university, under pressure from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, created a program designed to give hiring preference to women and minorities, and Cram-



Sociologist James Cramer



Rejected applicant Philip Dileo



Kaiser Worker Brian Weber

In a variety of lower courts, judges, plaintiffs and defendants alike play a waiting game while the deliberations go on in Washington.

the University of California at Davis is before the U.S. Supreme Court. Bakke, who is white, charges that he was constitutionally discriminated against when he applied for medical school, because Davis reserved 16 places in its entering class for racial-minority students. While Bakke sweats out the decision, Asar Stepak is waiting too. And his is just one of a growing number of reverse-discrimination cases that have been slowed or stalled in the lower courts as judges and contending parties await the Supreme Court's Bakke ruling, now expected before the summer recess.

No one knows whether the Supreme Court will decide the Bakke case on narrow grounds or by stating broad principles concerning programs to aid minorities. As a result no one knows the extent to which the Bakke decision will affect thousands of affirmative-action programs in business, education and government. "Everybody is

that Colorado now limits to blacks, American Indians and Hispanic and Asian Americans. Dileo argues that those who are economically and culturally deprived, irrespective of race, should also be considered. A Colorado District Court upheld the university, and the matter is now on appeal before the state's supreme court.

Neither Dileo nor Stepak encountered, as Bakke did, a specific numerical quota reserving places for minorities. But quotas are a burning issue in several reverse-discrimination employment cases, arising under Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964.

At a Kaiser Aluminum plant in Gramercy, La., the company and the employees' union, the United Steelworkers of America, agreed that half of those admitted to a craft job-training program would be minorities; separate seniority lists for minorities and whites were drawn up to

mer did not get the job. He sued—not to get a job, but to test the principle of exclusion by sex. Federal District Judge D. Dorch Warner agreed with Cramer. "You've been flattened by the civil rights steamroller," he said. After an unusual appeal hearing involving all the judges on the Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit, the court said that it would delay its ruling pending the Bakke decision.

The preferential treatment in the Cramer, Weber and Bakke cases was not imposed by a court but was "voluntary" (in Weber, however, the quotas were voluntary only in a special sense, since they resulted, as is frequently the case, from a need to satisfy federal rules). The Supreme Court has upheld court-imposed quotas in cases where past discrimination has been proved. But the Bakke case may help to clarify the legality of giving preference on the basis of race or sex in the absence of a court order and where there has been

Law

no judicial, administrative or legislative finding of past discrimination.

The issue has also arisen in Wyoming's Federal District Court. Wyoming's Associated General Contractors are suing the Economic Development Administration to test a U.S. law requiring that 10% of certain federal funds be set aside for minority-owned firms. Judge Ewing Kerr says that he will not reach a decision until the Bakke ruling is handed down.

In Detroit, a federal judge threw out a voluntary quota system adopted by the Detroit Police Department. Since 1974, in making promotions to the rank of sergeant, officials have skipped over some 200 white officers who had ranked higher than black officers on promotional eligibility lists, primarily on the basis of an exam. At one point, 29 new white sergeants were chosen in strict numerical

rank from the top of a 298-man promotional eligibility list; then a matching group of blacks was promoted. Among the new black sergeants, the highest-ranking was 36th; the others ranged as far down the list as 264th place.

In his opinion, District Judge Fred W. Kaess called affirmative action a "vile misnomer" and "the antithesis of equal opportunity" if it simply meant proportionate job quotas without regard to past discrimination. He ruled there was no proof that police promotions and hiring had been discriminatory, and took issue with claims that the percentage of Detroit police employees who were black (17%) was less than the 44% proportion of blacks in the city's population. Applicants for police jobs, the judge pointed out, were drawn from a three-county labor market in which 18.7% of the eligible workers were black. The city of Detroit is appealing the Kaess decision to the U.S. Court of Appeals in Cincinnati.

It is doubtful that any Bakke decision will have much effect in cases where judicial findings of discrimination have already been made. One example: Boston Federal Judge Frank H. Freedman's order banning hiring of white firemen until the percentage of blacks and Hispanics approximates their 23% ratio in the Boston population. Nor is there likely to be much impact on voluntary affirmative action programs that focus on equal rather than preferential treatment. Still, notes one Justice Department official, lawyers asked to help set up affirmative action programs are "telling their clients to sit tight" and wait for the Bakke decision.

Said the official: "The lawyers are telling them they could be subject to reverse-discrimination suits, and they just aren't willing to take the chance." ■

Press

Selling Jimmy

An adman joins Carter's staff

According to a recent poll, Jimmy Carter gets an anemic 30% approval rating for his handling of unemployment. Yet the jobless rate has fallen further and faster than anyone expected—from 7.3% when Carter took office to 6% as of April. Stung by the discrepancy between the negative ratings and the positive statistics, Presidential Press Secretary Jody Powell declared last week: "Something's wrong. I have to assume that I have not discharged my responsibility to let the American people know what we have done."

As Powell sees it, the President's low grade on unemployment is just one example of a White House "communication" problem, a failure to convey the Administration's accomplishments and goals to the voters. In an effort to solve the problem, Powell last week announced the appointment of an experienced image polisher, Gerald Rafshoon, 44, as Assistant to the President for Communications. Rafshoon, who has worked in every Carter campaign since 1966, produced the effective TV commercials that helped put Carter in the White House. Sample slogan: "For America's third century, why not the best?"

Born in New York, Rafshoon studied journalism at the University of Texas. After a three-year hitch in the Navy and promotion jobs for 20th Century-Fox in Atlanta and New York, he opened an Atlanta advertising agency in 1963. The agency launched a Washington branch office after Carter's victory and took on other political assignments, including the unsuccessful mayoral primary bid

of New York Democrat Mario Cuomo.

Starting in his new job July 1, Rafshoon will be a member of the President's senior staff with a salary of \$56,000 ("a substantial pay cut," according to Spokesman Powell). Charged with "long-range planning" of Carter publicity, Rafshoon will also supervise White House speechwriters and photographers, as well as oversee Carter's liaison to TV networks and advance press arrangements for presidential trips.

These are all duties that previously fell to Powell. Last year Powell announced that he would rely more on his top dep-

uty, Rex Granum, to handle the day-to-day dealing with the cantankerous White House press corps, freeing Jody to handle longer-range projects and problems. But Powell discovered that he could not escape the daily crises and false alarms and had little time for anything else. During the recent presidential visit to several Western states, for example, Carter had hoped to make a major point of civil service reform. "But," says a senior White House aide, "we never quite got around to it. We need someone to plan these things and find ways to get them done."

Though Powell will be relinquishing a number of responsibilities, there is no indication that his fortunes have declined; Powell himself prompted the Rafshoon appointment. One who could wind up a loser in the change, however, is Media Adviser Barry Jagoda, a former TV news producer who has never been very popular with the senior White House staff. Jagoda will now report to Rafshoon instead of Powell. As a longtime Carter intimate, Rafshoon is expected to work more closely with the President than Jagoda has been able to do. "We needed someone who could hit the ground running in the sense of having the President's confidence," said Powell.

Inevitably, Rafshoon's appointment raises the question of whether the Carter Administration will now concentrate on packaging and huckstering. Rafshoon quite naturally insists that this will not be the case. "Sure, I packaged Carter during the campaign," says he. "But there was nothing dishonest about it. I presented him as he is, as the kind of man I know him to be." Rafshoon did that very effectively for Candidate Carter. Selling President Carter—and his programs—may prove even more of a challenge. ■



Rafshoon at the White House
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Sport

COVER STORY

Cauthen: A Born Winner

With the Preakness, two down toward a Triple Crown at 18

There had been 102 runnings of the Preakness Stakes before last Saturday, and many a great duel between horses and their riders. But the 103rd Preakness was as thrilling and cannily run a race as any in the history of this Triple Crown classic. Harbor View Farm's Affirmed, a splendid chestnut colt that can win from the front or the field, was masterfully paced by Steve Cauthen, who showed once again that, at 18, he already has the incandescence of greatness.

After a clean break, Cauthen dropped Affirmed into second place, waiting for Believe It, third in the Kentucky Derby, to lead the way. When Believe It hung back, Cauthen moved to the front. With stopwatch precision, he then cut the pace, lulling the field into marching to his drumbeat. Affirmed ran the first half-mile in a plater-slow 47½ sec... Cauthen actually man-

more horse races than any man in the sport's history—is a boy.

There is another track term for a jockey: race rider. The title is used sparingly so that, in a generation of boys, only a handful, the very best, will earn the honor. Arcaro, Atkinson, Longden were race riders. And Shoemaker, Hartack, Cordero, Pinckay, Baeza, Turcotte, Velasquez. Now there is Steve Cauthen, only 18 and a race rider. A prodigy at 16, a fearless boy returning from an ugly spill at 17, and less than a month past his 18th birthday, winner of the Kentucky Derby and Preakness, the first two classics of the Triple Crown.

Saturday's Preakness victory on Affirmed is further proof, as much as any single race can be, of Cauthen's claim to be on the select list. At 1⅓ miles, the Preakness provides an honest test of the three-year-old Thoroughbred and an intense examination of the rider. The shorter course (1⅔ of a mile less than the Derby and ½ of a mile less than the Belmont Stakes) demands the hot speed that is the first hallmark of the breed. A top-flight field hurtling around Pimlico's tight turns leaves no margin for error by a jockey: fail to find position by a few feet, miscalculate the pace by a tick of the clock, and the winner streaks to the wire before ground can be made up.

A fine ride, such as Cauthen's Preakness win, is composed of many parts, most of them beyond quantification. Horsemen sputter and mander when asked to specify reasons for the success of the few truly great riders. Seat and balance, a clocklike sense of pace, strength, intelligence, courage, they say, and, most important, most mysterious of all, "the hands"—instinctive, intricately articulate, the medium of communication between horse and rider. Sometime, somehow, someone gets it all and then they say "He's a natural."

Jockeys are born into all kinds of backgrounds—Arcaro to the tough streets of ethnic Cincinnati, Jorge Velasquez to the barrios of Panama—but a handicapper of naturals would take odds on the Walton, Ky., home of Tex and Myra Cauthen. Walton is small (pop. 2,000) and Bluegrass (60 miles north of Lexington). Horse country is one place where a kid could grow up small and not develop an inferiority complex. He could imagine himself a jockey. And when his father is a blacksmith and his mother a second-generation owner and a trainer, when he looks forward to celebrating his Derby Week birthday every year at Churchill Downs, the dream doesn't seem so farfetched. If, in addition, he has been sitting on horses since his toddler's legs were long enough to splay across a saddle, he would have a natural head start.

Much has been made of the fact that Cauthen was preparing for the jockey's craft at the age of twelve. His zeal was tireless. Flailing bales of hay to practice his whip technique, huddling with his father over race films to decipher the art of moving a horse up in traffic or setting him down for the stretch run, crouching along the rail at the starting gate to learn how to navigate those first chaotic moments of a race. At 13, he was practicing yoga to develop his concentration—yoga at 13!—because he knew he would need it. "All I thought about was riding. In school, I thought about riding. On weekends, I thought about riding. I thought about riding all the time."

But perhaps even more crucial training for Cauthen began years before. He was reared, his mother says, "to be polite to everyone and to have good table manners." Put it another way: to be a gentleman, to be a gentle person. Human beings may or may not detect this quality, but a Thoroughbred race horse



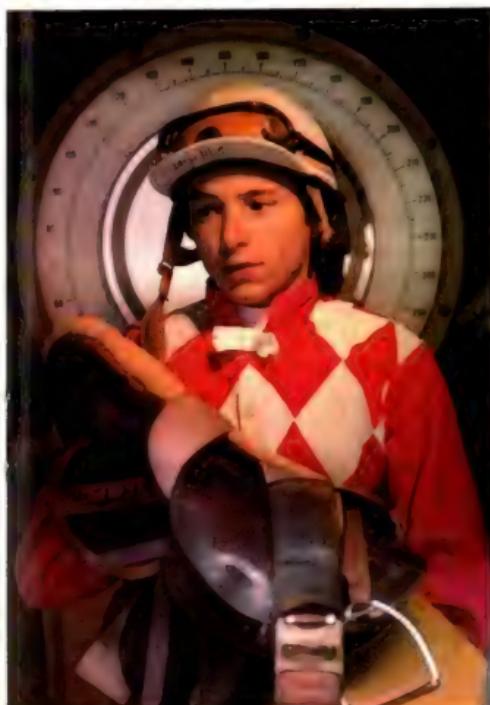
Steve Cauthen with the blanket of black-eyed Susans at the Preakness. An artful ride brought Affirmed home by a neck.

aging to rate, or husband, his horse while loping on the lead. Thus, when Jorge Velasquez pushed Calumet Farm's Alydar into his stretch surge, Affirmed was rested and ready to run. Said Cauthen simply: "He came up and set his horse down in the lane and I set mine down. Mine won." Affirmed flashed across the finish in 1 min. 54½ sec.—just ¼ sec short of the track record despite the slow early running—and won, going away, by a neck. Steve Cauthen and Affirmed outwitted and outran their challengers for the \$136,200 winner's share of the Preakness purse. It was a lesson in the jockey's art.

From the day he first dons silks, walks to the paddock and gets a leg up on a Thoroughbred race horse, the public knows him as a jockey. But around the track, he is called a boy. It is an odd inversion of status for these masterful men, a class cognomen left over from the days when jockeys were servants of the sporting aristocracy. Age does not matter. The rankest apprentice is a boy: Willie Shoemaker—at age 46, the winner of



Above: Cauthen driving mount at Aqueduct. Below: Getting weighed after a race, then changing his gear in the jockey room



—willful and fragile, high-strung and intuitive—certainly does.

Young, very young, Cauthen also accompanied his father on his smithing rounds at nearby race tracks. He began to help calm animals unnerved by shoeing or perturbed by a stranger's presence. He started to use his hands, and in his hands, horses relaxed. Whether coming from God, genes or good manners, this is the priceless gift for a jockey: the difference between wrestling a horse around a track, only to blunt his spirit for the run, and rating him kindly, *handily*, through the pace, while conserving enough of his energy for the stretch drive. Steve had the gift even before he had the jockey's dream. Says Tex Cauthen: "He had horses bred in him as a small child and was a good horseman from a very young age. He could make them do whatever he wanted."

Cauthen tries to explain: "It's in the hands. Your hands are how you communicate with the horse. When you're setting down



Cauthen awaiting the bell in the gate



During the critically important start, Cauthen (No. 8) prepares to break fast

on the final drive, that's how you keep in touch with him. Some jocks can communicate with horses better than others. The horses sense it through the hands." He pauses and then shrugs: "Who knows how they sense it?" Cauthen admits that horses seem to remember him not by sight but when they feel him in the saddle and the touch of his man-size hands on the reins. Paddock punters watch with amazement as colts, skittish during saddling and fractious in the walking ring, suddenly relax when Cauthen goes up in the irons.

Cauthen broke in when he was 16 at nearby little tracks like Kentucky's Latonia, where the horseflesh was less than prime and the riding more than a little rough. He handled that trial by guile and nerve and then moved on to New York's Aqueduct race track, the Big Apple. He was riding "bugboy light," a 5-lb weight allowance granted apprentice jockeys. But on the home turf of Angel Cordero Jr., Ron Turcotte and Jorge Velasquez, that was the only allowance he got.

His 1977 racing year was like none the horse world had ever known. His mounts won more than \$6 million in purses, a record. He won 487 races. In one incredible week, he won 23 of 54 races, and people began betting now on the horses but on their rider. Cauthen was clearly something to tug at a horseman's heart, a manifestation of genius, present palpable and future prodigious, that occurs only rarely in any human endeavor. He was a born winner.

Cauthen left such flights to others; he has settled into a life that he clearly loves, reports TIME Correspondent Peter Stoler. He is addicted to the track and to track people. Cauthen often leaves his bachelor's apartment in Floral Park, Long Island, before dawn and drives his 1977 Mercury Cougar to the track, whether or not he is scheduled to work a horse. He breakfasts in the track kitchen, then kills the hours between daylight and early afternoon post time in the jockeys' quarters. He changes into white breeches, boots and T shirt and studies the *Daily Racing Form* to dope out the day's competition. Cau-

then also spends a good deal of time with his agent, Lenny Goodman, a shrewd, showy horseman up from the streets of Brooklyn. (Cauthen's earnings, about \$750,000 in two years so far, go home to his father, who has a New York financier investing the money in conservative stocks and bonds.)

When it is race time, the jockeys stride out of the locker room, most flicking their whips with bravado. Cauthen goes calmly. Decked out in the splashing silks of his trade, he seems terribly young, frail, unknowing—until you look at his eyes, when those eyes are examining a horse he is about to ride. Then there is an eerie, almost existential quality to his face, an absorption so total that his life becomes encompassed by it. For the twelve minutes required to mount, parade to the post and, finally, run the race, the ride is Steve Cauthen.

Cauthen must get his mount to the starting gate loosened up and ready to run without wasting the animal's energy. Once in the gate, he must hold his horse square and up on his toes, hoping to have him perfectly balanced for the sudden clang of the bell and the frantic first steps. The horse explodes from the gate, his hindquarters coiling to unleash his stride. These are the most dangerous moments as, tightly bunched and digging for a purchase on the track, the field sweeps away, each little man controlling 1,000 lbs. of animal rushing at nearly 40 m.p.h.

The problems now come by milliseconds. Gather the horse in and rate him, or take the lead? Who is inside, outside, and where to position? Where is a hole going to open or a gap going to close? The variations are infinite. Finally, the move through the stretch, whipping when needed, but always, always moving as one with the horse. Feet, legs, body, shoulders and arms surging with the animal, the hands speaking to the horse—run, run your heart out, run.

Steve Cauthen repeats these remarkable minutes as often as eight or nine times a day, perhaps 2,000 times a year. It is a grueling day. Jockeys heatedly insist that they are fine athletes, not passengers going along for the ride. The physical strain is enormous. Says Cauthen: "The first race you ever ride, it's unbelievable. If you're ever going



Talking to Agent Goodman, who is entrusted with the job of picking his mounts
A terrifying spill that helped make him a man



A boyish grin and an oft-repeated wave from the winner's circle



Quiet moment in jockeys' quarters

to quit, that's the time. You can be the fittest person around, but not fit enough to be a jockey. Until you actually ride a race, you can't tell how hard it is, how exhausted you get. You feel like you're going to have a heart attack. After you ride 1,000 horses a year, you get fit."

The day is also dangerous. A jockey was killed and two others injured at Pimlico two weeks before the Preakness. Huge horses running at high speed cannot be kept on their feet if a bone gives way or a mount falls in front. Says Jockey Jacinto Vasquez: "We're in the kind of sport where you have to be seated. Jockeys always have one foot in the hospital and one in the cemetery. But we can't think about what will happen if a horse stumbles. If an athlete has fear, he can't work."

Throughout Cauthen's apprenticeship, the prospect of a fall—and the recovery of his psyche from it—was the single reservation that racing people had about his future. His bugbears (though never as bad as Cauthen) had come along before, only to turn all too cold when a spill thudded home the risks of the trade. Fear is part of racing. So is courage.

Cauthen took the kind of spill that tests courage a few days before his apprenticeship was to expire. His right wrist was broken, kicked by the flying hoofs of trailing horses; his forehead and right hand were cut, and he suffered a concussion and cracked ribs. He was out for a month. When he came back, he answered all the questions. Rounding the turn for home in his first return race, he drove a colt named Little Miracle, Affirmed's half brother—through a narrow opening between front runners and booted him home the winner by 1 1/4 lengths. He used horse balm to soothe his tight, sore right hand and its ugly criss-crossed scar and went about the business of riding. Says Trainer Tommy Kelly: "I don't think the kid has any fear. He just put some of our liniment on his hand and went out there and rode. No hesitation, no fear."

For Cauthen, the comeback had been a foregone conclusion: "I've been falling off horses since I was

two. I wanted to ride so bad it didn't take much to come back. I came back faster than I thought I could."

The boy was becoming a man. All the gifts, the marvelous, balanced seat, the head filled with horse sense and a ticking clock, the wonderful, knowing hands of the bugboy had been fused with the courage of the race rider. In short order, the stakes horses started to come his way: Johnny D., last year's turf champion, and Affirmed, the best two-year-old colt and his Triple Crown mount this year.

It was while riding Johnny D. that Cauthen first convinced the experts that he was developing as a shrewd competitor. In the Laurel International, one of the major grass races of the year, Cauthen took an early lead and then throttled back to pull his rivals—setting a "false pace," track people say. In the stretch, Cauthen suddenly drove Johnny D. on, catching the field off guard, and came home a winner.

There seems to be no limit to the potential of this slight young Kentuckian who so loves to ride. "Gettin' the best you can from a horse, that's the whole thing," he says. "That's the real pleasure." He has been, so far, charmingly oblivious to the fame he has earned so quickly and the pressure that has come with it. "Reason I don't feel any pressure is because I don't want to," he says simply. "You have to perform, have to do your job."

Cauthen may still lack a bit, perhaps, of the ruthless will to win that marks the enduring greats of race riding. He remains

Myra and Tex Cauthen's well-brought-up boy, a kid who spent the night before the Kentucky Derby in a sleeping bag on the floor of a hotel suite crowded with relatives because as Brother Doug, 15, quite logically explains, "It was his turn."

At California tracks this winter, Cauthen's remarkable winning record fell off slightly, and the going in New York will be more testing in his sophomore year. No longer merely a phenomenon, he is a craftsman now, settling in for the long haul. But like vintage port, he can only get better with age. Real race riders always do. Steve Cauthen is a real one.

—B.J. Phillips



Posing patiently at Belmont for a crowd of fans and photographers
A secret in the hands that even he does not understand

Sport

"A Nice, Quiet Life"

At home with the folks who own Affirmed

They certainly look like winners. She in her tailored white suit and pink blouse, as blonde and nearly as smooth-cheeked at 41 as when she first stepped into the winner's circle as a teen-ager. He in a natty tan suit, his wavy, curly hair gone gray at 66, but otherwise the same trim, erect, rangy 190-pounder who played end for Georgia more than four decades ago. Since their marriage in 1972, Patrice and Louis Wolfson—the owners of Affirmed—have been one of the most successful racing couples in the sport. Their Harbor View stable is now the leading money winner. They did not buy Affirmed; they bred him through three generations, and Wolfson has turned down an offer of \$8 million for the nation's prize Thoroughbred. Says he: "When you breed and race a horse like this, you wouldn't take \$15 million or \$20 million."

Publicity shy to the point of reclusiveness, the Wolfsons have been tugged into the glare of attention by their success. But they have each been in the public eye before, separately and for quite different reasons. For much of his career, Louis Wolfson was the ultimate outsider—a notorious corporate takeover artist who also went to jail for selling unregistered stock and who was involved in a curious affair that brought about the resignation of a U.S. Supreme Court Justice, Abe Fortas. In 1958, Wolfson bought his way into racing, then devoted his considerable energies and talents to becoming a success at his new sport.

Patrice was born to racing. The cherished only daughter of the late Hirsch Jacobs, who saddled more winners than any trainer in racing history, she has been a well-known figure in the sport since she was a little girl. She is as quiet and reserved as her husband is confident and outgoing. Friends say the marriage of opposites, of blood and money, has worked out very well indeed.

Hirsch Jacobs grew up on the sidewalks of Brooklyn, one of ten children of an immigrant tailor. He left school at age 13, became a steam fitter and spent his idle hours hanging around New York race tracks. He sidled into training and did so well that he caught the eye of one Colonel Isidor Bieber, a high roller and Broadway ticket broker. Bieber asked Jacobs to be his trainer and partner, and the pairing was to last more than 40 years.

Jacobs, Damon Runyon once insisted, could talk to horses. As Runyon once wrote: "I have eavesdropped [on] him around

the stables many a time and heard him soft-soaping those equine characters. He generally wins their confidence and learns all their troubles. I do not say that they up and tell him, understand. No, I do not say that, because it is something I cannot prove, inasmuch as Hirsch Jacobs himself denies there is any open banter between him and horses. But if they do not tell him, who does?" Runyon had good reason to wonder where his longtime friend got his tips. In 43 years as a breeder and trainer, Jacobs saddled 3,569 winners and collected more than \$12 million in purses.

Bieber and Jacobs typically bought cheap, bad-legged nags at claiming races—events in which any horse entered can be claimed for a predetermined price. Then Jacobs, using a combination of home remedies and equine psychoanalysis, would turn the beast into a champion. If, for instance, Jacobs thought a horse simply needed peace and quiet, he would remove him to a dark, remote stall. If a horse wouldn't eat, Jacobs would move him next door to a horse that ate like one, chop a hole in the wall so the hunger striker would observe the mad glutony in the next stall and, sure enough, the power of suggestion usually worked. Once Jacobs determined from what he felt was a pained expression on a mare's face that her shoes were too tight, and another time he diagnosed a horse's problem as loneliness. Solution: find another lonely horse to share the stall. Jacobs and Bieber raced their horses often, or as one critic sniffed, they ran them "like a fleet of taxi cabs."

The snickers stopped in 1943, when Jacobs claimed an unimpressive colt named Styline for \$1,500 and turned him into one of the most spectacular horses of all time. Styline won more than \$900,000 in purses, allowing Jacobs and Bieber to buy a 283-acre breeding farm in Maryland. They called it Styline Manor. Jacobs, meanwhile, had married Ethel Dushock, daughter of a well-to-do manufacturer from Yonkers, and raised a family of two boys and a girl.

Patrice Jacobs, named after Damon Runyon's second wife, grew up in the warm comfort of her family's spacious red brick colonial home in Forest Hills, Queens. A horseshoe's toss from both Aqueduct and Belmont, she was educated by nuns, at her Catholic mother's request and with her Jewish father's consent, and sent off to Virginia's very white-glove Marymount College. She inherited her father's fierce passion for horses, even spending college weekends trackside at Laurel, Bowie or Pimlico while classmates went off to football games. Hirsch did his best to insulate his daughter from the touts, railbirds and assorted other lowlifes who populated his world. "Dad doesn't allow me to hang around the barns too much while we are at Belmont and Aqueduct," she once told a reporter, "but at Saratoga [then, as now, a more genteel track] I get out there with

Affirmed and Cauthen thunder to victory at this year's Kentucky Derby

The Wolfsons celebrating with their jockey





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Sport

him and the horses on a pony."

After graduating from Marymount, Patrice moved back with her parents, wrote a few articles for the *Morning Telegraph*, painted a little and tried to help run the growing Jacobs-Bieber empire. Horses became her life. Every year her father let her pick a couple of home-bred horses from his stable as her own. *Hail to Reason*, which was one of them, became the nation's top two-year-old in 1960. When the horse became permanently disabled the following year, Patrice cried for two days. Says she: "My dreams were shattered."

Patrice became a familiar figure in the winner's circle, often on her father's arm, but she led a very cloistered life. "She was always in the company of her parents," says a racing insider.

Jacobs eventually became a millionaire in his own right. Yet it remained out of the question for him to join, say, the Jockey Club, that Caucasian circle of Anglo-Saxons who for generations controlled the racing industry. In fact, Jacobs found himself on the side of the upstart Horsemen's Benevolent and Protective Association in the 1960s when it challenged the hegemony of the Jockey Club and the New York Racing Association. After one H.B.P.A. meeting, Jacobs was heard to mutter that the dispute was "a classic case of the bluebloods against the Italians and Jews."

One other exclusive club remained just beyond Jacobs' grasp, despite a number of attempts to crack it. The winningest trainer in history somehow could not take the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness or the Belmont Stakes. When the 1970 racing season opened, however, he was sure his luck had changed. "The real horse for us this year will be Personality," he told his son John. Personality won the Preakness by a neck and High Echelon, another Jacobs horse, won the Belmont. Jacobs did not see either victory; he died of a cerebral hemorrhage in February 1970. Patrice was simultaneously liberated and devastated by her father's death. She had not had much of a social life until then. Though only 32, rich and attractive, she was too grief-stricken to want one. She turned for support to one of her family's closest friends, Louis Wolfson, whose wife had died in 1968.

For years Wolfson had occupied the box at Aqueduct directly behind the Jacobs, and the two men liked to talk breeding between races. Both self-made men, both outsiders in a way, the two respected each other. Wolfson had once named one of his mares after Patrice. In 1972 Louis and Patrice were married. "At that point, he was one of the closest friends I had in the world," Patrice explained last week. "He's a very kind man, a very considerate man."

Like Jacobs, Wolfson is the son of an impoverished immigrant. The elder Wolfson worked as an iceman, clothes presser and fruit peddler in St. Louis—where Louis was born in 1912—then took his family to Jacksonville, Fla., to launch a junk business. When Louis shattered his shoulder playing for Geor-



Patrice with Hall to Reason (1960)

"My dreams were shattered."



Jacobs wins his 3,000th with Willie Shoemaker up
He ran his horses "like a fleet of taxicabs."

gia in the Yale Bowl, he gave up his dream of pursuing an athletic career and later becoming a coach, quit college and went home to the family junkyard.

The Wolfsons soon branched out. The firm bought \$275 worth of surplus building materials, then resold the stuff piecemeal for \$100,000. By the end of World War II (Louis was 4F because of a bad kidney and his injured shoulder), the firm was doing \$4.5 million a year. Before the company was dissolved in 1948, Louis bought two shipyards, one a Navy surplus, for \$4 million. He later unloaded them for a \$10 million profit. Two congressional subcommittees and a federal grand jury investigated the transaction but could prove no wrongdoing. It was the first of many brushes with the law.

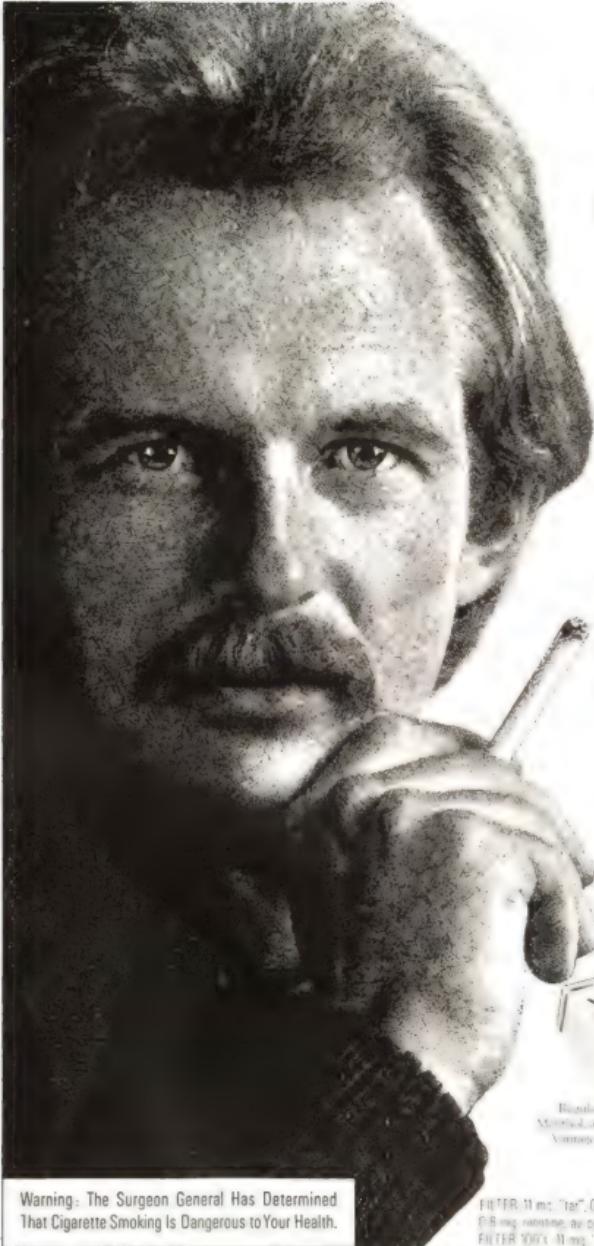
Wolfson's next coup was gaining control in 1949 of Capitol Transit, the Washington, D.C., bus system, for \$2.2 million and selling it seven years later for \$13.5 million—after Congress investigated sharp fare increases, deteriorating service and alleged financial improprieties, and then refused to renew his franchise. He bought control of Merritt-Chapman & Scott, a respected construction firm, and in half a dozen years had

raised its net worth from \$8 million to \$132 million. He also used the firm to absorb companies that made everything from ships (the aircraft carrier *Kitty Hawk*) to movies (*The Babe Ruth Story*). He failed in efforts to buy the Brooklyn Dodgers, the Washington Senators and the Baltimore Colts.

The financier's boldest takeover attempt was his 1954 assault on Montgomery Ward. He spent \$500,000 soliciting proxies, and barnstormed the country to line up nearly a third of the mail-order firm's voting stock, but ultimately failed to gain control. So he went after a slightly smaller target, American Motors. Wolfson had bought \$4 million of AMC stock before Chairman George Romney talked him out of a takeover and converted him into a messianic promoter of the Rambler. Wolfson would talk up the little car to barbers, taxi drivers, anyone he encountered, even offering to finance their auto purchases interest-free from his own pocket. "People were mailing me checks for \$50 a month," Wolfson once recalled. He eventually sold out his holdings in American Motors and made a \$2 million profit.

Wolfson's luck with the law ran out in the 1960s. Tried two times on securities-related charges, he spent nine unpleasant months in a Florida federal prison. It was during his jail term that Wolfson attained perhaps his greatest notoriety: Abe Fortas resigned from the Supreme Court in 1969 after admitting that he had concealed the fact that he was receiving \$20,000 a year for giving unspecified help to the Wolfson family foundation.

The ex-convict remains bitter about his prison stint. Some Wall Street lawyers found the sentence extraordinarily harsh for an offense customarily punished by fines. The episode also brought to a standstill a project that was beginning to preoccupy Wolfson more than any business deals: turning his 478-acre



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Polaroid.

Sport



Affirmed and his owners at Pimlico on Preakness eve

"A horse like this, you wouldn't take \$20 million for him"

Harbor View Farm near Ocala, Fla., into a world-class racing stable. A half dozen years after its birth in 1958, Harbor View became racing's second top money-winning stable (after Wheatley), but the purses dried up with Wolfson's conviction. Reason: some states will not renew the racing license of anyone convicted of a serious crime. Wolfson felt that his crime was not sufficiently serious, but after a friendly New York racing-board member warned him that his 1969 application would be rejected, Wolfson chose not to apply. He stayed out of racing until 1971, when New York, Maryland and Florida all granted him licenses. Last year the Wolfsons' stable ranked fourth in winnings.

To concentrate on racing, which now takes up about 80% of his time, Wolfson has virtually dismantled his corporate empire, once estimated at being worth close to \$100 million. The Wolfsons sold Harbor View Farm last year, but kept the name and now own some 250 horses. Despite their success on the track, expenses are so high (\$3 million a year) that the Wolfsons have not always been in the black during the past few years. Affirmed has solved that problem. Some of the Wolfsons' horses are kept in Kentucky, where Louis is respected as a smart and honest man. Says one of Kentucky's leading racing figures: "He went from a leading owner to a jailbird, to a man who couldn't race, to a leading owner—and he never cried. I have a lot of respect for him." Says Editor Kent Hollingsworth of *The Blood-Horse*: "When he looks at you with those terribly sincere blue eyes, you believe him."

One man who believes is Lazaro "La" Barrera, Affirmed's trainer and a kind of latter-day Cuban-style Hirsch Jacobs Son of a part-time jockey. Barrera, 53, was born on land that later became a racetrack in Havana. He began training at 16, moved to California in 1959, and worked for almost anyone who would hire him. In 1976 Barrera developed Bold Forbes, a sprinter notoriously weak at long distances, into the winner of the Kentucky Derby and the Belmont. He was the leading trainer in both 1976 and 1977. Last year his horses earned \$2.7 million; and this year—with Affirmed cleaning up—he has already won over \$1 million. Barrera gets along just fine with Wolfson. "He leaves me to do my job—he's a nice man to work for."

Barrera raised eyebrows when he kept Affirmed in California this spring, where heavy rains hampered training and the horse ran against competition considered to be inferior to that back East. But Affirmed won the Santa Anita Derby and the Hollywood Derby, and obviously was in magnificent shape

for the Derby and the Preakness. Like Cauthen, Barrera has enormous confidence in his horse. Says he: "If Affirmed was a baseball player, he'd be Joe DiMaggio. He does things so easy."

Another Wolfson family favorite is Stevie Cauthen, whom Patrice finds uncannily compatible with her horse. "This Thoroughbred and Cauthen both seem so mature," she says. "But they're both so young. Both are very businesslike. Cauthen came in to ride in his first derby, and it was like he'd done it all before. And Affirmed was just like him, totally calm. The horse is quiet—the boy is quiet. Both are natural athletes. Affirmed has a beautiful look about him, and Cauthen's just the same."

The Wolfsons divide their time among their Clermont Farm near Saratoga Springs, New York, a house on Long Island, a condominium in Bal Harbour, Fla., and wherever their horses are running. They are becoming familiar to the racing public as a strikingly handsome couple who like to hold hands and gaze lovingly at each other. Louis keeps his weight down by eating cottage-cheese-and-peaches lunches and doing 15 minutes of calisthenics a day. Patrice has given up her painting under the pressures of racing and of managing the various Wolfson households. "I'm busy being a housewife," she says. "I keep a nice home for my husband. I've tried to make life very simple. We have a lovely life together. A nice, quiet life."

More and more, that life is revolving around Affirmed. They travel with the horse, fend off would-be buyers and curious reporters, and spend long evenings at home laying plans for his future (they intend to race him next year as a four-year-old). "It makes me remember so much," Patrice says. "My father was a great trainer and breeder, and that's what we've done with Affirmed. We bred him, raised him and raced him. And we did another thing my father used to do: the Bieber-Jacobs stable believed in running rather than training. Affirmed is an iron horse. He has run 14 times and won 12. He was the richest three-year-old ever to enter the Kentucky Derby."

A guess might be made that Patrice Jacobs sees in Affirmed a chance for vindication of both men in her life—for the attainment of the one goal denied her father and a way of bringing honor to her husband, who has been attacked so often in the past. That would only be a guess, of course. One sign of good breeding in a horse or a human, is self-control, and Patrice Jacobs Wolfson controls emotions as carefully as Stevie Cauthen controls her horse. She will say just this: "Aside from having good health, my husband and I want only to win the Triple Crown."



Trainer Laz Barrera and his pupil after an exercise session

"If Affirmed was a baseball player, he'd be Joe DiMaggio."



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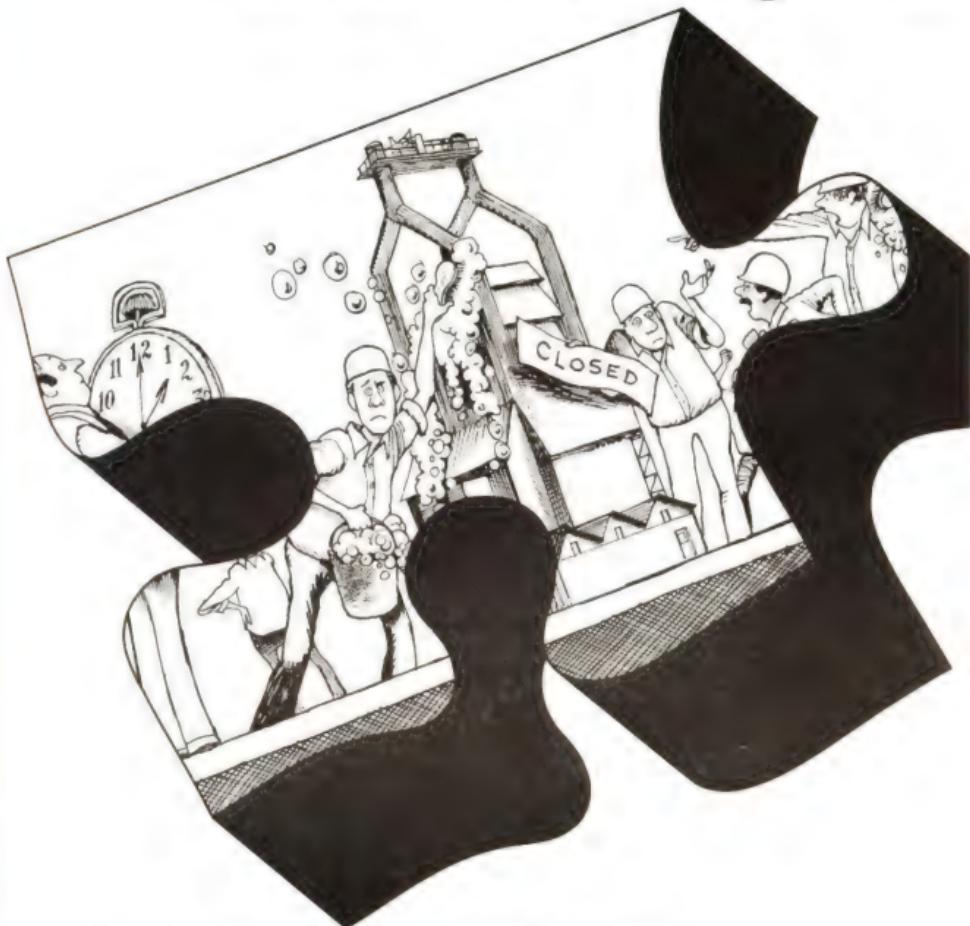
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The road gets rockier—and costlier

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Jobs are at stake

Bethlehem is now spending 25% of its capital funds for environmental controls. During the

next five years, we expect this will increase to about 30%. Such capital investments do not produce income, but do increase the cost of making steel.

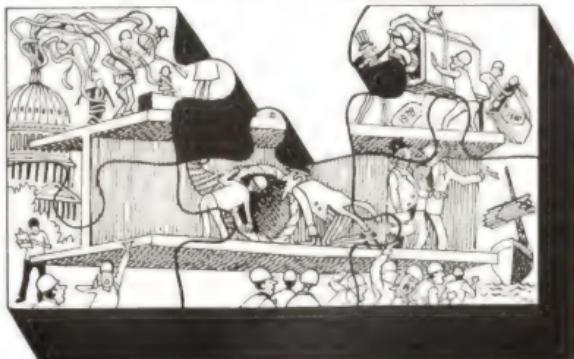
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standards and regulations to provide more flexibility and to reduce barriers to steel industry modernization.

We also support the following: (1) rational enforcement of environmental laws and regulations; (2) greater flexibility in compliance timetables; (3) accurate determination of significant sources of pollution, their effect on public health, and the most cost-effective control techniques; (4) amortization of expenditures for pollution control facilities, including buildings, over any period selected by the taxpayer, including immediate write-off in the year the funds are expended.

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We believe a more reasonable balance between jobs and environmental cleanup is urgently needed. If you agree, tell that to your representatives in Washington and your state capital.

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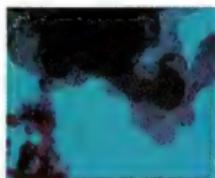


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Education

This University Wants YOU!

It is a buyer's market as colleges scramble to fill spaces

Mid-April is nail-biting time for high school seniors as they stand vigil over their mailboxes, looking for letters of acceptance from colleges. The weeks that follow, on the other hand, are nail-biting times for the colleges, as they fret over how many students will accept their acceptances, fill their dormitories and keep their budgets in the black.

With the pool of applicants growing smaller every year, many colleges increasingly are being reduced to using hard-sell tactics to fill their classes. By 1985 the high school age group will have dwindled by an estimated 15% to 30%, and the downturn is likely to continue at least until 1990. Predicted one admissions officer: "It will become a buyer's market."

It already looks like one. Bari Boshes, 17, a senior at New Trier East High School, in a suburb north of Chicago, was besieged with letters from Coe College, a small liberal arts school in Cedar Rapids, Iowa—and she had not even applied there. "Learn why we might be the right choice for you," implored the Coe admissions office.

Nor does the hard sell end when acceptance letters go out. Tom Rice of Irvington High in Westchester County, N.Y., applied to several Ivy League colleges, as well as Wesleyan, Georgetown, Haverford and the State University of New York at Binghamton. Accepted

across the board, he was "practically blitzed with brochures," he says. Yale invited Tom and other successful applicants, along with their parents, to a reception at the local country club, and even supplied music by a popular Yale chorus. He is headed for New Haven next September.

The smaller, less prestigious colleges are having to scramble even harder. Nathaniel Hawthorne College in Antrim, N.H., offers flying lessons as an inducement, and still has only managed to attract half the day students it needs to fill its freshman class this fall. "We simply can't sit back and let the applications roll in any more," mourns I.D. Schoenberg, assistant director of admissions at California's Whittier College. Among Whittier's schemes for luring students generous scholarships, attractive brochures and "Spring Dessert Days," when candidates are entertained by alumni. Many colleges are placing advertisements in newspapers; some schools, like the University of Texas at Arlington and Dallas Baptist College, have even resorted to television spots. Concedes Peter H. Richardson, admissions director at M.I.T., "Marketing is part of the language of admissions."

A trauma for colleges, the drive to recruit is proving a boon for high school seniors. The State University of New York at Stony Brook, considered a selective school, must accept 5,000 applicants to fill a class of 1,500—a "yield" rate, as educators call it, of only 30%. The ratio between those accepted and those who enroll varies widely. Harvard boasts one of the highest yields, but it is only 74%, which means that four acceptances must be sent out for every three spaces in the freshman class. Also in the high-yield

range: Yale, 69%; San Jose State (Calif.), 67%; Stanford, 65%; University of California at Berkeley, 60%; M.I.T., 51%; Princeton, 50%; Lewis and Clark College (Ore.), 50%. As M.I.T.'s Richardson notes, "Anybody in the trade knows that if you get over 50% of the kids to whom you offer admissions, you're doing better than average."

Not many exceed 50%. Wagner College on Staten Island in New York City hopes to get 1,500 applicants and must accept 1,100 of them to fill a class of 500—a yield of 47%. Georgia Tech has the same yield, and Emory University in Atlanta has a 38% rate. There is no dearth of colleges with still lower yields. Notes Writer-Educator David Tilley in *Hurdles: The Admissions Dilemma in American Higher Education*, published last week (Atheneum, \$13.95). "Many institutions labeled as selective are not."

To weather the crisis, colleges are considering a number of innovations. Some are beginning to stress career-oriented courses and work-related programs to satisfy the more pragmatic job applicants of the late 1970s. Quite a few colleges have inaugurated rolling admissions, deciding on applicants as they come in, thus enabling students to determine their fates before the dreaded 15th of April.

The emphasis has been on selection. In the future it will be on recruitment," noted Richard Skelton of Bucknell University in Lewisburg, Pa. In the meantime, small colleges are fearful. Says Tom Daniels, director of admissions at the 800-student Buena Vista College in Storm Lake, Iowa: "The next 15 years may well be some of the most crucial times in higher education."

Kudos: Round 1

American University I.F. Stone, L.H.D., journalist. For your monumental and legendary achievements as a journalist, for your grand erudition in literature, and for your boundless enthusiasm in classical thought and letters.

Catholic University Kenneth Clark, L.H.D., historian and author. His genius has made time stand still so that millions could hold in their hearts a treasure of surpassing beauty and enchantment. Roy Wilkins, L.H.D., civil rights leader.

Clark University Carl Sagan, Sc.D., astronomer. In combining the disciplines of science you have shown that the whole is greater than the sum of its parts.

Columbia University Henry Beetle Hough, L.H.D., publisher and journalist. *Country editor, essayist, and pioneer conservationist, yours has been a lifetime of striving to preserve the best in man and nature.*

V.S. Pritchett, Litt.D., literary critic. Virgil Thomson, Mus.D., composer and critic. John D. DeButts, L.L.D., chairman, American Telephone & Telegraph Co. Anna Freud, Sc.D., psychoanalyst. Lewis Thomas, Sc.D., president, Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center.

Duke University Glenn T. Seaborg, LL.D., nuclear chemist.

Elizabethtown College Hugh Sidey, LL.D., columnist.

George Washington University John Carter Brown, Litt.D., director of the

National Gallery of Art. Mstislav Rostropovich, H.H.D., cellist and conductor.

Howard University Stevie Wonder, L.H.D., entertainer. Eleanor Holmes Norton, H.H.D., Chairman, Equal Employment Opportunity Commission.

Ithaca College William Paley, L.H.D., chairman of the board, CBS. Daniel Patrick Moynihan, L.L.D., U.S. Senator, New York.

St. Anselm's College Ashraf Ghabrial, LL.D., Egypt's Ambassador to the U.S.

Syracuse University William Safire, L.H.D., columnist.

University of Michigan Walter Mondale, L.L.D., Vice President.

Economy & Business

The Selling of America

Foreign capital rushes into the U.S., creating jobs and some controversy

"It is as if the rest of the world knows something about the U.S. that Americans themselves no longer dare to remember."

— Edmund Stillman, director of Hudson Research Europe, Ltd., Paris

While Americans agonize over the nation's real or imagined woes, many people from far off are raiding their savings accounts, borrowing money, taking their business profits and betting on the future of the U.S. Not since British loans helped finance the building of the nation's canals and railroads in the 19th century has the U.S. displayed a more magnetic attraction to overseas investors. Foreign money from almost everywhere is flooding into co-op apartments in Manhattan and Miami condominiums, sprawling petrochemical complexes in Houston and quaint dairy farms in Vermont, suburban shopping centers and downtown office buildings and hotels. Capital from overseas is financing the construction of new factories in every region and the takeover of old-line U.S. corporations of every description. The money is going into farm land, ranch land and waterfront resort communities.

The investment rush has been building for years, and now it is gaining momentum. One factor is the dollar's slump, which has enabled holders of West Germany's mark, Switzerland's franc, Japan's yen and other strong currencies to buy a piece of the U.S. at bargain prices. More important, in the new economic climate of high-energy prices, sluggish international growth and protectionist trade sentiments, the U.S. appears to be the country best suited to ride out the tempest. It also seems the nation least vulnerable to the terrorism that is ravaging Italy and

haunting West Germany, or the political unrest that is polarizing Canada and spreading like a plague through the underdeveloped nations. People everywhere are coming to the same conclusion that Johann Wolfgang von Goethe expressed two centuries ago: "*Amerika, du hast es besser!*" (America, you have it better).

Since 1974, foreign investments in the capitalist bastion of America have been growing by an average 13% annually, and now total more than \$171 billion, or two-thirds as much as the sum of U.S. investments abroad. Moreover, the gap between U.S. investment in foreign countries and vice versa is narrowing. For example, U.S. capital did much to fuel West Germany's postwar economic miracle, but now West Germans invest more in the U.S. than Americans put into the Federal Republic.

The figures would be much larger if Government tallies could track all foreign investments. No one knows how many millions, or even billions, are borrowed every year from U.S. banks by foreign investors to set up or expand U.S. businesses. Nor are there data on the annual profits that foreign companies reinvest in the U.S. There is also no way of knowing how many suitcases stuffed with cash are sneaked out of Italy, Brazil and other countries that have strict foreign-exchange controls and slipped through airport customs into the U.S.

The foreign-investment surge is not only helping to ease the nation's balance of payments deficit, but is also providing an estimated one new job for every \$26,000 of foreign capital. At least \$1.6 billion in corporate and real estate investment entered the U.S. last year, and that alone created 60,000 new jobs. Says Felix Rohatyn of Lazard Frères & Co.: "The main problem over the next ten to 15 years is going to be employment. For that

reason alone, foreign investment that creates jobs is welcome."

The investments fall into four main categories:

Corporate direct investments. Nearly 11 million people work for foreign-owned companies in the U.S., and the number is growing daily as more European and Japanese companies set up manufacturing and assembly plants around the country. Volkswagen's \$250 million investment in its plant at New Stanton, Pa., which by year's end will employ 4,000 workers, is only the best-known example. West German cuckoo clocks are now being made in Virginia. French Rossignol skis in Vermont. Japanese zippers in Georgia and British irrigation hoses in North Carolina. Italian shoes are turned out in New Hampshire, and 50% of the Sony television sets sold in the country are assembled in San Diego. Explains Michael Hamilton, an investment banker with First Boston International in London: "During the 1960s, European companies had to invest whatever funds they had in their own countries. Americans appeared dominant in management skills, technology and products. For Europeans to think then that they could take on U.S. companies in the American market was beyond imagination. Now, however, American firms are no longer regarded as invincible."

Corporate acquisitions. More and more foreign corporations are buying control of American companies whose stock prices are depressed; that, of course, is cheaper than starting from scratch. Banks are prime targets. Two weeks ago Britain's big National Westminster Bank Ltd. reached agreement to buy 75% of the shares of New York's National Bank of

Left to right: Greek-owned Olympic Tower, across from Iranian building on Manhattan's Fifth Avenue; Miami condominium 70% owned by Venezuelans; Atlanta Hilton (Kuwaiti owned)





North America for \$300 million. Many manufacturing companies are also being acquired. Foreigners now control companies producing such well-known products as Baskin-Robbins ice cream. Mounds and Almond Joy candy bars. Keebler biscuits. Deer Park spring water. Pepto-Bismol toothpaste. Bantam Books. Alka-Seltzer. One-A-Day vitamins. Calgon bath oil. Bactine antiseptic. S.O.S. soap pads. All and Wish detergents. Foster Grant sunglasses and Magnavox TVs.

The takeover trend is providing badly needed capital for stagnating domestic firms and bringing in fresh management techniques. In 1976 Britain's computer giant, I.C.L. Ltd., paid \$30 million for some money-losing branches of Singer. Since then, I.C.L. has doubled the labor force of these operations and expects the business to grow by a remarkable 500% this year.

Stocks, bonds and Government securities. Foreign money, much of it from Britain and Arab countries, is swirling through Wall Street. Corporate securities held by foreigners as portfolio investments have grown from \$34.9 billion in 1974 to \$57.7 billion last year. In recent weeks foreign buying has become a major force behind the dramatic rise in the U.S. stock market. Overseas investors also hold an estimated \$7.6 billion in U.S. Treasury bills and notes, more than four times as much as in 1974. By making the investments, foreigners are helping to finance the nation's excessive deficit spending, thereby eliminating the need for the Government to borrow the money domestically and divert it from productive investment at home.

Real estate. Scarcely a single community does not feel the impact. In Dade County, Fla., a consortium led by Canada's Markborough Properties is spending

\$1 billion on an 18-year project to build an entire town. Villages of Homestead, that will add more than 14,000 homes to the tight south Florida market and provide 4,000 jobs. On South Carolina's Kiawah Island, the Kuwait Investment Co. is building a \$500 million resort community. In New Orleans' old Vieux Carré district, an Iranian investment foundation is helping finance the development of a 23-acre complex of offices, apartments and a glass-enclosed shopping mall.

Any American owner of a high-quality shopping center, hotel or office building can find foreign investors eager to take it off his hands for a top price. The \$100 million Atlanta Center office and hotel complex was begun in 1973 with a \$10 million participation by Kuwaiti investors; the Kuwaits have now bought out their American partners. Two weeks ago, a consortium of European banks paid \$62.5 million for one-half ownership of Houston's tallest building, a 50-story office tower at One Shell Plaza, and the 29-story Two Shell Plaza.

Newspapers and magazines in Europe bulge with ads for investment opportunities in American land and buildings. Says Jack Shaffer, a senior vice president of New York City's Sonnenblick-Goldman Corp., mortgage bankers: "Many of the foreigners who invest in U.S. real estate are the wealthiest people and richest institutions. They don't want to get rich. They are rich. They just don't want to get poor."

To serve these rich clients, investment firms abroad are now specializing in American property. Some are one- or two-man operations, and several are as large as West Germany's Lehnndorff Management Ltd., which has invested some \$300 million in U.S. properties for 1,800 investors. Reports TIME Bonn Correspondent Barrett Seaman: "An American kind

of optimism is everywhere. In Frankfurt, a consortium of banks offered \$60 million worth of over-the-counter investment shares in a Houston office building for about \$10,000 each, and in three weeks sold out the offering to customers, many of them walking in off the streets. One Munich businessman has gone into partnership with some American friends to invest in New York City. They have already picked up a loft building in SoHo and an old office building on lower Fifth Avenue. Now the group is toying with the notion of plunging into a truly speculative venture in the economically depressed West Bronx. The Münchner's reason is simple: 'Why not? The property we're looking at is available at a price that makes it quite impossible to go wrong.'"

Predictably, there are occasional grumblings about the blossoming foreign presence. Southern Florida has long had a large Cuban population, but more recent arrivals include tens of thousands of French Canadian small businessmen and their families, who have fled Quebec out of fear that it may secede from Canada and pitch the country's economy into a tailspin. In Hollywood and Hallandale, just south of Fort Lauderdale, 20% of the population is now French speaking, the Canadian flag flies over bars, restaurants and motels, many of which are Canadian owned. Longtime residents gripe that the new arrivals are clannish, refuse to learn English and do not participate in the life of the community.

The most vocal complaints come from farmers, who have a visceral attachment to the land. They are torn by conflicting feelings about foreigners who offer premium prices for their acreage. Farmers often sell out, only to wind up leasing.

From left: Century City Medical Plaza (British and Dutch owned) and New Otani Hotel (Japanese) in Los Angeles; Pennzoil building and One Shell Plaza in Houston (German)





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Economy & Business

the property back from the new absentee owners and working for them as tenant farmers. When farm children grow up, they must sometimes seek other occupations, because land prices are so high that they cannot afford the life their parents led. Complains Vernon Conrad, vice president of California's Fresno County farm bureau: "Buying by outsiders is taking away the family-based farming communities that have helped make this country what it is." Laws preventing or limiting foreign ownership of land have been enacted in Nebraska, Indiana and Iowa, and the Illinois legislature this week will consider a prohibition of its own. There are enough loopholes to enable foreigners to avoid the restrictions, but doing so may become tougher in the future.

Farmers notwithstanding, most Americans welcome foreign capital. A typical reaction comes from Lisa Freeburn, 21, who left her job as a bank teller to become a receptionist for the German-owned Keiper U.S.A., which opened an auto accessories plant in Battle Creek, Mich., 20 months ago. Says she: "I like it much better than here. There's more international atmosphere here. You get a bit of both cultures."

In Pittston, Pa., a community of 60,000 that slipped into decline when its coal mines gave out, West Germany's Schott Optical Glass company opened a manufacturing plant in 1969 with 60 employees. It now has 600. Reports TIME Correspondent Gisela Boite: "City fathers have hired a consultant in Switzerland to recruit other foreign companies." A Swiss firm that has developed a friction reducing process for machinery will soon open in Pittston. To make the community even more attractive, the local airport runway will soon be extended to accommodate jumbo jets. In addition, a 42-acre industrial park has been declared an international trade zone, where companies can set up assembly plants that will be exempt from U.S. customs duties so long as the products are exported. Schott's home-office executives find the Pittston employees industrious, hard working and more eager for overtime than West German workers. Company employees also feel well treated by management. Says Joe Chmiec, a foreman: "It's the best company I ever worked for. I've been here nine years and never missed a day. The pay is more than reasonable, and you can get advancement."

Hungry for job-creating investments from abroad, 20 state governments have set up promotion offices around Europe. Several offer long-term, low-interest loans. The states also pitch job training programs, corporate tax deferral plans that stretch out for years and, of course, the lure of the vast American market, which is bigger and faster growing than all of the Common Market. Business people are also impressed by lower labor costs in the U.S. than in many European coun-

tries. In West Germany, for instance, wage costs are about the same as in the U.S., but employer contributions to pension, health and other social insurance programs are far steeper.

Both sides benefit from this selling of America. For too long, international investment has been a one-way street, with the U.S. spending billions to set up plants and factories abroad. U.S. multinationals have spread prosperity around the globe, but they have also eliminated jobs for American workers at home, and this has increased pressure to block imports that further threaten American jobs. Now foreign investors are returning those jobs to the U.S., and that will make it more difficult for the U.S. to revert to nearsighted protectionism. Explains Economist Louis Wells of the Harvard Business School, an

FOREIGN STAKES IN AMERICA

billions of current dollars
Overseas-owned U.S. Treasury securities, bank and other assets

Portfolios of U.S. corporate securities

Investment in companies and real estate that are 10% or more foreign-owned

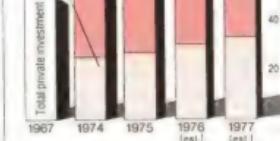
Total private investment

1967 1974 1975 1976 1977

test. I

1977

test. I



TIME Chart by Nigel Holmes

expert on multinationals: "When you've got a foreign-owned final assembly plant in the U.S., you can't cut off imports of parts as easily."

It makes no difference whether the foreign funds are scared money fleeing political and economic uncertainties, or entrepreneurial investments seeking opportunities for profit. An open-door welcome for all is the least that can be expected from the world's principal champion of free-market capitalism. For all its problems, the U.S. remains a land where foreigners by the millions still see immense potential, plentiful resources, an unshakable faith in the sanctity of private property, and a trust in the rewards of initiative. Now that they are able to afford it, there is nothing that should stop them from trying to invest in—and enhance—America's riches.

Uneasy Riders

Congress looks at radial tires

In June of 1974 the Louis Neal family was driving near Las Vegas when one of their car's Firestone 500 steel-belted radial tires blew, causing the car to go out of control and crash. Mother and father were killed, and one child was crippled. Five surviving children sued, charging that the tire was defective. Last week Firestone settled out of court for \$1.4 million. Far from being an isolated case, the accident is one of a string that has raised unsettling questions about the safety of U.S. steel-belted radials.

The House Subcommittee on Oversight and Investigation opened hearings last week into the safety of Firestone 500 radials, and may extend its probe to all U.S. steel-belted radials. The subcommittee reports 15 deaths since 1973 in which blowouts of such tires were the major cause or the chief contributing factor. It also cites 16 other crashes that resulted in 31 injuries, and hundreds of accidents involving property damage.

The tires have rigid, steel-reinforced belts circling the tire under the tread. The problems are apparently the result of heat buildup within the tire that causes the tread to separate from the steel-belted inner layer and produces blowouts. Firestone, which sold about 23 million of its 500-model radials between 1972 and 1976, recalled 410,000 of them on four occasions because of manufacturing defects.

In 1977 the Center for Auto Safety, founded by Ralph Nader and Consumers Union, prodded the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration to investigate. The agency surveyed 87,000 owners of new cars, asking if they had complaints about tires. In all, 2,226 owners of Firestone tires returned questionnaires, and 46% reported problems. By contrast, the complaint rate for other brands of steel-belted radials was: Goodrich 33%, Goodyear 32%, Uniroyal 32%, General Tire 26% and Michelin less than 2%.

These figures were "inadvertently" given out although Firestone, charging that the agency loaded the dice against the company by sending half the questionnaires to Firestone owners, had gained a court order suppressing the report. If its tires have drawn a large number of complaints, say company spokesmen, it is simply because Firestone has sold more radials than its competitors. Malcolm Lovell, chairman of the Tire Industry Safety Council, a producers' group, contends that the problem is that too many Americans let their radials become underinflated.

In any case, Firestone started phasing out the 500s about 18 months ago in favor of the new and presumably improved 721 radials. Last April, the company sold off the last batch of its 500s at discount prices in several Southeastern markets, but millions are still on the road.

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Help wanted: 5,000 people line up at state fairgrounds for 2,000 jobs offered in General Motors' Oklahoma City assembly-division plant

Jobs, Jobs Everywhere

With hiring high and skills short, training is needed

Looking for a job? It is the best of times—for people who have marketable skills. Before long they should be able to pick and choose among high-bidding employers. For just about everybody else, it is... well, hardly the worst of times, but at least a moment for worry. The unskilled jobless, especially if they are young and/or black, can expect little help from any further surge in business, unless job-training programs are expanded. And the nation as a whole is either at or nearing the danger point where a little bit less unemployment means a whole lot more inflation—which would hurt the jobless, retitled people and even most of the employed and their families.

What has happened is an increase in hiring. Unemployment has dropped nearly two points since late 1976, to 6% last month: when 535,000 people found jobs. The 93.8 million Americans at work in April constituted 58.4% of the entire population aged 16 or over, by far the highest percentage ever; the prerecession peak was 54.7% in March 1974.

The newly employed include many people who traditionally have the most trouble finding work. In the past twelve months the economy has created more new jobs for adult women (2 million) than for men (1.6 million). Black unemployment has stayed high because of a flood of new job-seekers, but the number of employed blacks last month rose 7.2%, above a year earlier, vs. a gain of 4.1% in employment of whites. The number of blacks at work jumped from 9.7 million to 10.4 million.

The growth of payrolls has been far larger than could have been predicted from any increase in sales or production. Says one bewildered Government economist: Based on G.N.P. growth, the un-

employment rate should be 7%, not 6%. Some other experts see no mystery; in their view employers are rushing to catch up on hiring that they might have begun two or even three years ago, but put off because they feared that the business expansion would not last. Says James Fromstein, vice president of Manpower, Inc., a temporary-help firm: "Management has taken heart with each quarter of recovery, when things did not fall apart once more. When all the doubt was around, employment decisions were postponed. Now those decisions to hire cannot be delayed."

Already there are signs of shortages of skilled workers. The index of help-wanted advertising is at the highest point since tabulations began in 1951. Michigan mines and power plants cannot find enough ironworkers, pipe fitters, welders or millwrights. Allstate Insurance Co. has such difficulty hiring office help that it sends recruiters to Chicago-area high schools in search of students who are learning typing and shorthand. Says Employment Manager Charles Bashaar: "We even have the Welcome Wagon lady give a pitch for working at Allstate when she hands out gifts to newcomers in her area."

Economists differ on whether these signs add up yet to "full employment," an increasingly misleading term that is taken to mean the point at which further demand for workers sets off an inflationary wage explosion. Henry Wallich, a governor of the Federal Reserve, insists that the U.S. is already at full employment, even with a jobless rate of 6%. Liberal economists put the trigger point at 5.5% or less, meaning that there is still some safety margin, but not much.

Herbert Striner, dean of the business school at American University, warns:

"Wages are going to be bid up, because in another month or two we will have run through all the available skilled people. The labor market is going to get tight, and we're going to be hiring people away from each other."

Meanwhile, 6 million would-be workers—nearly all unskilled, and disproportionately concentrated among the young and black—remain jobless. What can be done for them? The answer decidedly is not to pump up the whole economy with more federal spending, bigger tax cuts or a faster rise in the money supply. That would only set off a further competition among employers to hire the skilled at inflationary wages.

The Administration has greatly expanded use of the Comprehensive Employment and Training Act, which provides states and municipalities with funds to hire the unemployed for public service jobs, such as playground supervisors or road crew laborers. CETA funding has doubled during the Carter presidency, to more than \$11 billion budgeted for fiscal 1979, and the number of jobs to be filled has leaped from 310,000 to 725,000. The program, however, is at best a stopgap substitute for welfare. It takes the jobless off the streets but does not prepare them for permanent employment. Says Bernard Anderson, an economist at the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School: "Most of the money has been spent on Job Corps-type programs of scraping graffiti off telephone poles rather than skill-training for specific jobs."

A much sounder approach would be to provide federal encouragement and money for training programs run by private business. One good model is the string of Opportunities Industrialization Centers started by the Rev. Leon Sullivan in Philadelphia and now operating in 137 communities. OIC first gives the hard-core unemployed brush-up courses in English, math, dress and deportment, then trains them for specific jobs (tweld-

Economy & Business

Executive View/Marshall Loeb

Battling the B.I.G. Bulge

ing, typing, data processing), many of which, local businessmen report, are actually there waiting to be filled. In 14 years, says Sullivan, OIC has graduated 400,000 trainees and placed 300,000 of them in jobs. 80% stick.

In January the Administration put \$400 million into the CETA budget to start business-conducted training programs. Some of this money will be paid to the employer to make up the difference between a trainee's worth and his wage. Last week the Administration followed up with a more generous plan: tax credits for companies that hire the hard-core unemployed, up to \$2,000 for each person put to work. The cost could be \$1.5 billion a year. This week President Carter will entertain 140 business and black leaders at a White House dinner and plead with them to hire and train under the program. Chances are they will agree, because blacks need jobs and business needs skilled workers. ■

Issue of Face

A woman on the dollar

Susan B. Anthony, the celebrated suffragist (1820-1906), is the front runner, but Amelia Earhart is closing fast, well ahead of Helen Keller, Eleanor Roosevelt, Harriet Tubman, Jackie Onassis, Elizabeth Taylor, Fanny Farmer, Grandma Moses, Martha Mitchell, Sara Lee, Anita Bryant, Shirley Temple and Whistler's Mother. All are candidates in a campaign to put a woman's face on a dollar coin that the Government plans to issue, probably in mid-1979. Since word became known of the plan, the Treasury has been receiving 700 to 800 nominations a day.

The Treasury officially favors putting Miss Liberty on the coin, but even in the department there is division. Treasurer Azie Morton champions a "real woman," and Under Secretary Bette Anderson touts Miss Liberty. The Congressional Women's Caucus wants Anthony. Pro-Anthony bills have been introduced in the Senate and the House. Whoever is on its face, the new coin will have advantages: it will be easy to use in vending machines, and will save the Government \$4.5 million a year because it will not wear out for 15 years. vs. 18 months for dollar bills, which will remain in circulation. In an unintended tribute to inflation, the new dollar will be just larger than a quarter. ■



Proposals for \$1 coin: Miss Liberty prototype, Anthony drawing (actual size)

The spread of big, intrusive Government (B.I.G. for short) is a source of so much public discontent that, like epidemiology or the Korean War, it has become a subject of serious study in universities. The leading professor is Murray Weidenbaum, a former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury (1969-71) who knows his subject only too well. At the Center for the Study of American Business, which he heads at Washington University in St. Louis, Economist Weidenbaum, 51, is examining how the policies and regulations of B.I.G. are feeding inflation, impeding efficiency and otherwise rubbing up against private citizens. Given the bullish bulge of bureaucratic power, his institute is quite a growth enterprise.

"The Government is the nation's largest employer," says Weidenbaum, his accents echoing Brooklyn, where he grew up in the Depression-poor family of a cab driver. "Clearly the pay raises of Government employees and postal workers have been leading the inflationary parade for years. Somehow, Congress got sold on the notion of 'pay comparability' between the public and private sectors, ignoring the high federal fringes. And who makes the computations of the 'comparability'? Surprise, surprise! It's the civil servants themselves, which is like having the foxes guard the henhouse."

Government is also the largest single buyer of goods and services, says Weidenbaum, and it is about as cost conscious as a Saudi prince in Beverly Hills. Instead of buying from the lowest bidder or the best supplier, Government agencies and contractors are required to favor small businesses and suppliers in high-unemployment areas. That policy may or may not have social benefits, but it surely hypes inflation and discriminates against bigger companies.

On Government-aided construction projects, the Davis-Bacon Act requires that the job go not to the lowest bidder but to the contractor who agrees to pay the "prevailing" wages of the region, often meaning the highest union scales paid in the nearest big city. "So in rural Maine they'll use the wage scales of Boston, and in Appalachia they'll use the wage scales of Pittsburgh," says Weidenbaum. "But those wages are so far above the standards in Appalachia that frequently Appalachian firms don't bid for the jobs. They can't pay their workers on Government projects a whopping differential over their workers on commercial projects. Result: Pittsburgh firms get the Government jobs. They bring in Pittsburgh workers, and the taxpayer, in the goodness of his or her heart, doesn't bail out the poor people in Appalachia but subsidizes union workers from Pittsburgh."

One sign that the public is rebelling against these costly and cumbersome regulations is that they are being spoofed in that most popular graphic art form, the comic strips. Weidenbaum's walls are adorned with comics and editorial cartoons roasting everything from the ban against saccharin to the rising Matterhorn of forms to be filled out. In one strip, a weary Santa Claus complains about "all the environmental impact statements I gotta file for these flying reindeer."

But it is no joke when Weidenbaum brings forth sheaves of records of dozens of foundries—in Ohio, Pennsylvania, Alabama, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Kentucky—that had to close because they could not afford to meet requirements of the Environmental Protection Agency and the Occupational Safety and Health Administration. He collects reports of hundreds of small companies that have abandoned pension plans because they could not comply with the expensive requirements of the Employee Retirement Income Security Act (ERISA). "and so the worker winds up with no pension at all."

A sad irony, says Weidenbaum, is that Government freely violates its own regulations. "Federal installations are among the worst environmental offenders. OSHA offices fail to meet OSHA safety standards. And think of Social Security and the Civil Service Retirement Fund being subjected to the standards of ERISA. They would flunk."

Fight B.I.G., urges Weidenbaum. Demand cost-benefit studies for all of B.I.G.'s inflationary, efficiency-sapping, unfair policies. "We need economic impact statements," says Weidenbaum. "Before Uncle Sam lectures the private sector about holding down inflation, he badly needs to get his own house in order."



Murray Weidenbaum
Bureaucrats vs. Santa

**Why is Heineken
America's number one imported beer?**



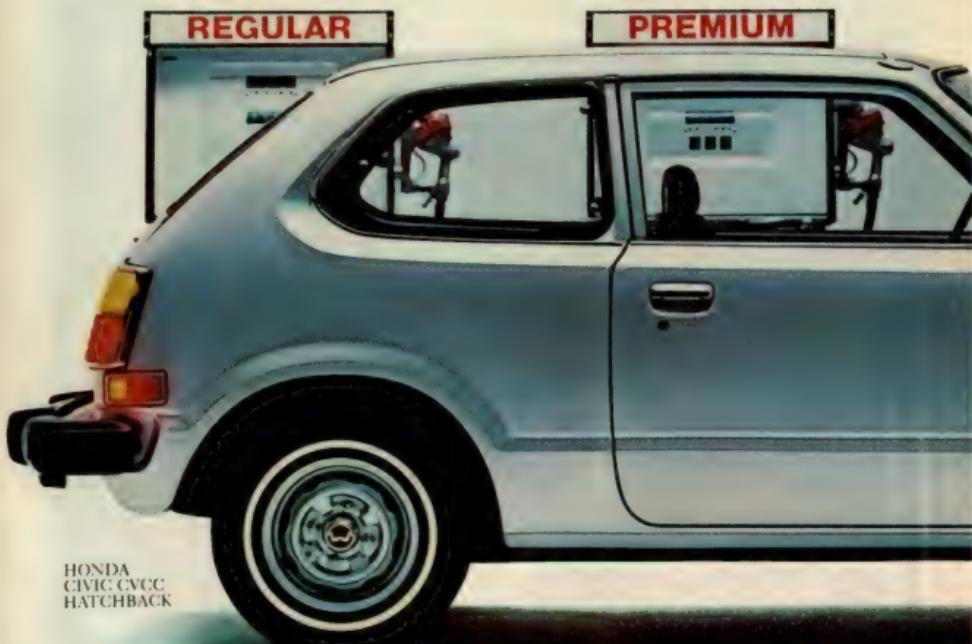
Taste.

Gasoline made simple.

A lot of the new cars tend to be choosy when it comes to fuel. Most of them have catalytic converters, which means they are designed to accept nothing but unleaded gas.

Hondas are different. All our new cars—the Civic® 1200, the Civic CVCC®, and the Honda Accord—operate without a catalytic converter. So you can take your pick of regular or unleaded gasoline. As for premium, there is no benefit and it's a waste of money.

Of course, whichever gas you use, you can go a long way on it in a Honda. Our best mileage car, the Civic CVCC 5-Speed, was rated at 47 mpg for highway driving, 37 mpg city, according to EPA estimates.



Our lowest EPA mileage estimate was received by the Civic 1200 with 2-speed manually-selected Hondamatic transmission: 30 mpg highway, 23 mpg city. All estimates are lower for California and high altitude areas. Also, the Civic 1200 is not available in California or in high altitude areas.

Although we're happy to tell you about our 1978 EPA mileage figures, we want to be realistic about them. So please keep in mind that EPA estimates are the result of laboratory tests and are offered only as a means of comparison.

Therefore, your mileage will vary depending on such things as where you drive, how you drive, your car's condition, and optional equipment.

Still and all, a Honda makes the neighborhood service station a nice place to visit. You get your choice of gas pumps when you drive in. And very good mileage after you drive out.

Now, how could we make gasoline any simpler than that?

HONDA

We make it simple.



Merit Reputation Growing.

'Enriched Flavor' tobacco strong attraction for increasing numbers of high tar smokers.



LOW TAR-ENRICHED FLAVOR

Finding good taste in a low tar cigarette is no longer a problem for high tar smokers.

The taste of one low tar cigarette is changing the minds of hard line "taste" smokers. That cigarette: MERIT.

75%¹ of MERIT smokers are coming directly from higher tar brands.

'Enriched Flavor' Tobacco The Reason

By cracking cigarette smoke down into separate elements, researchers were able to isolate certain key flavor-rich ingredients that deliver taste way out of proportion to tar.

The result is 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco. It's convincing the toughest critics of low-tar smoking.

Tests among thousands of smokers show why.

Taste-Test Proof

MERIT and MERIT 100's were both tested against a number of higher tar brands.

Overall, smokers reported they liked the taste of both MERIT and MERIT 100's as much as the taste of the higher tar cigarettes tested.

Cigarettes having up to 60% more tar!

Only one cigarette has 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco.

And you can taste it.

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug '77
100's: 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MERIT
Kings & 100's

Energy

A Conservationist Shakes the TVA

For the biggest utility, an advocate of that oldtime religion

One of his many critics in the energy industry sputters that he is "bad news." Another calls his contributions to the Administration's energy policy "a nightmare." To a smaller but highly influential circle of supporters in Washington, he is a brilliant idealist who rightfully challenges the American myth that growth is good and correctly places a higher priority on conservation than on the creation of new power supplies.

At 52, S. (for Simon) David Freeman is the most controversial energy expert in the Federal Government, and one of the mightiest. Last week President Carter, who admires Freeman's populist approach, appointed him to the most respected operating position Washington has to offer in energy: chairmanship of the Tennessee Valley Authority, the nation's largest and only federally owned utility (1977 sales: \$1.96 billion).

The TVA was founded by Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1933 as a daring experimental power and soil-reclamation project designed to be a model for regional development. During the depressed '30s, the seven-state TVA brought the cheap electricity and fertilizers and flood control that lifted the Tennessee Valley from poverty to the brink of prosperity.

But as it grew, the semiautonomous TVA became increasingly a business, losing much of its original New Deal idealism. Switching from its initial reliance on dams, the TVA built large coal plants and the world's largest nuclear power station. To finance expansion, the TVA began to raise rates. Even though these rates remained far below commercial levels, disillusioned customers nonetheless started to complain. Environmentalists were alarmed by violations of federal clean-air standards and a 1975 near disaster at Brown's Ferry nuclear power station in Alabama. Next, environmentalists sued to block the TVA from building the Tellico Dam on the Little Tennessee River, which would wipe out the snail darter, a three-inch perch found only in those waters; that battle goes on.

TVA's longtime chairman Aubrey ("Red") Wagner, eager to expand, had put down his critics. His credo: "Our job is to provide all the power consumers need at prices they can afford." Wagner's ally on the three-man board was William Jenkins, who complained bitterly about harassment by environmentalists and quit. But Jimmy Carter felt that the TVA had lost its sense of mission. It had, he complained, "become dormant and just another power company." One result was that to fill a vacant directorship nine

months ago, Carter appointed Freeman, then a principal architect of the Administration's energy policy. The President decided to make him the chairman upon Wagner's retirement May 18.

The son of an Orthodox Jewish immigrant umbrella maker, Freeman grew up in Chattanooga and still remembers when the city was ravaged by floods before TVA dams tamed the Tennessee River. Says he: "If you were a member of the generation that saw the light bulb replace a kerosene lantern and benefited from the blessing of electric pumps that drew the water from the well, so you didn't have to carry water from the well, then you really appreciated what the TVA had accomplished." Recalls Freeman: "TVA and religion were the two biggest things in my life."

After graduation from Georgia Tech, Freeman joined the TVA's engineering design section in Knoxville. Then he financed his way through law school at the University of Tennessee, working part time at TVA while finishing first in his class. He returned full time to TVA as an attorney but was lured away to become principal deputy to Federal Power Commission Chairman Joseph Swidler. Later, Freeman led a Ford Foundation research project on the looming U.S. energy crisis. The resulting book, *A Time to Choose*, published in 1974, outlined alternatives to big power growth and became an energy primer for Candidate Carter, who later re-

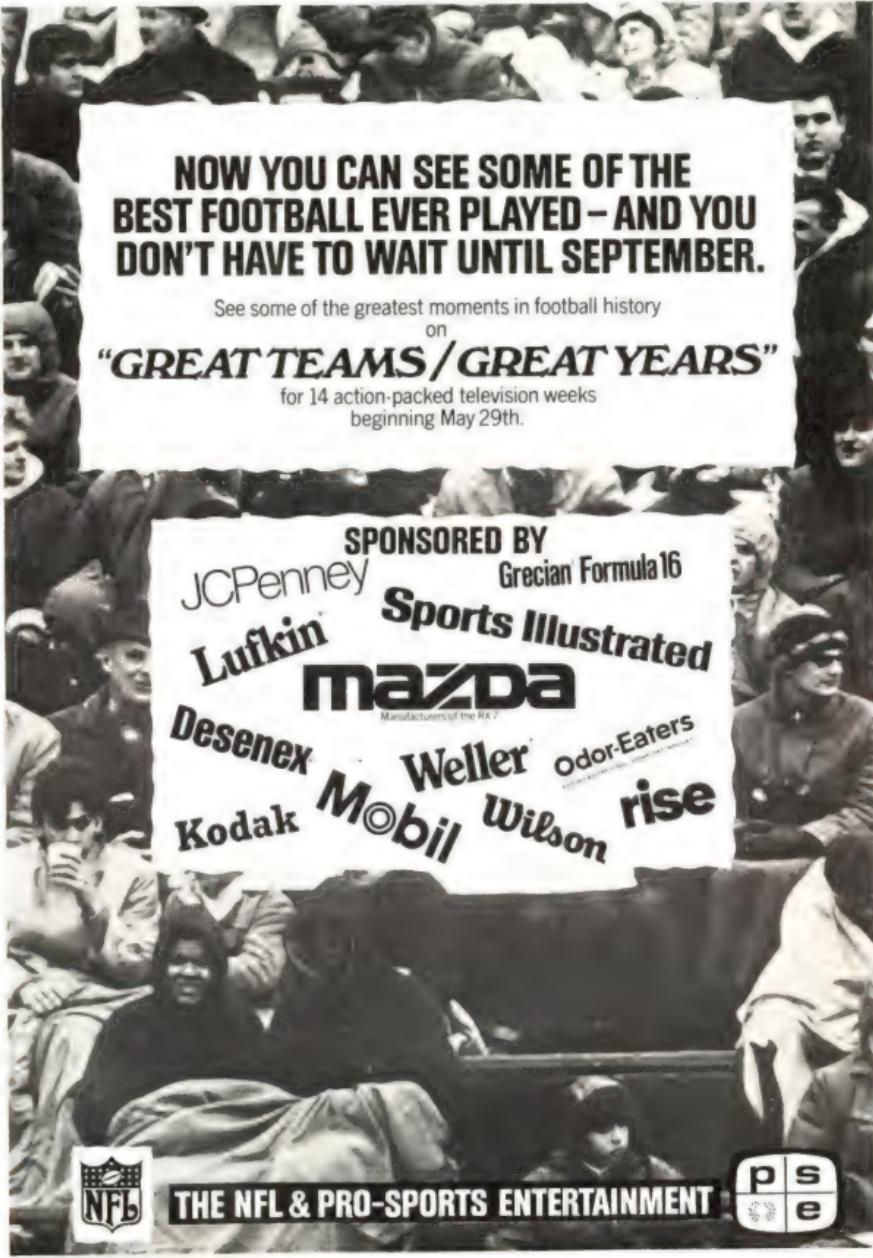
cruited Freeman to join James Schlesinger in drafting the Administration's energy program. As one top oil industry executive complains: "The major flaw in the President's energy plan was Freeman's basic philosophy that the only solution to our problem is to drive the growth rate to zero as quickly as possible."

Freeman rejects such charges. "Conservation and growth are not mutually exclusive," he argues. "Instead, conservation fits into the American concept of efficiency." Freeman plans to continue many TVA projects that he found "in the incubator." Probably he will accelerate the TVA's program of granting no-interest loans to insulate homes. He shares the President's distrust of nuclear power plants, and supported Carter's decision to postpone the building of a prototype breeder reactor on Tennessee's Clinch River, which falls within the TVA's domain.

Freeman says that he has no intention of blocking construction of the seven nuclear power plants already being built or on order for the TVA, but he severely questions whether the next increase in generating capacity should be nuclear. He hopes to imbue the TVA with its original Rooseveltian mission of being the cutting edge of enlightened developments in the energy field. In the process, Freeman can be expected to push those projects dearest to President Carter's heart and his Chief among these are experimental nonpolluting coal-burning plants and solar energy. "It's not bad," muses Freeman, "if we help people unplug from the TVA and plug into the sun."



Chairman Freeman (inset) and Tennessee Valley Authority dam at Guntersville
Fitting conservation into the American concept of efficiency.



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BIRMINGHAM - WAZC-12

BIRMINGHAM - WAZC-20

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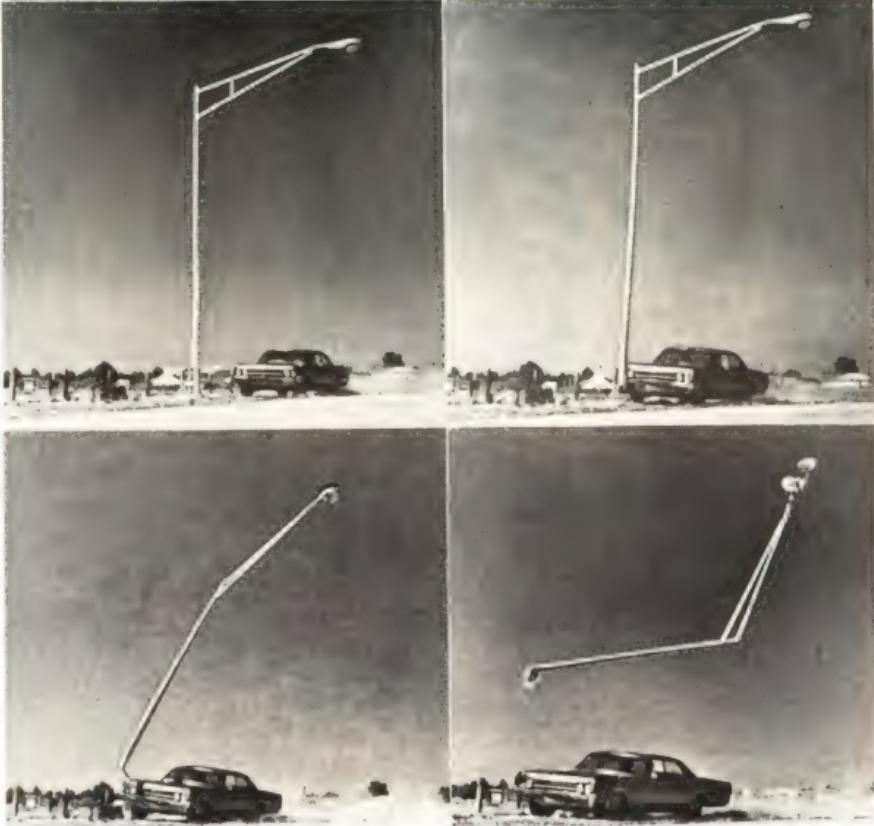
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Photos courtesy of Aluminum Company of America



Here's something good that breaks.

One of the most encouraging areas in the field of highway construction has been the recent emphasis on safety.

From shoulder widening to skid grooving to better median barriers to the aluminum breakaway lighting poles shown above, highway engineers are building with safety in mind.

The before and after statistics, in fact, are so encouraging that the additional costs appear almost negligible. To cite just one example: On interstate highways, 527 standard signs and lighting poles were replaced with aluminum breakaway poles. Where there was a total of 41 injuries before, now it was down to 23. Where 2 people had been killed, none were killed.

Federal funds are available to every state. What's necessary is a local interest. Isn't it better to

spend money on highway improvements to make highways safer than on increases in medical costs or funeral expenses?

For the story from the Department of Transportation, just write: The Travelers Office of Consumer Information, One Tower Square, Hartford, Connecticut 06115. Or dial, toll-free, weekdays from 9 to 5 Eastern Time, 800-243-0191. In Connecticut, call collect, 277-6565.



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Stumping to be California attorney general, Burke chats with a cop

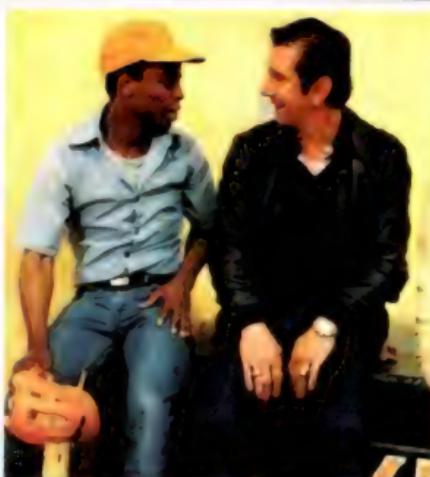


After seven years, Peter, Paul and Mary announce an encore

People

She scored high marks in her role as co-chairman of the 1972 Democratic National Convention and made history as the first member of Congress to be granted a maternity leave. But after six years of involvement in national politics, California Representative **Yvonne Brathwaite Burke**, 45, has decided to go local. Instead of trying for a fourth term in the capital, she is now running for state attorney general. "In Washington, I was only one out of 43 members of the California congressional delegation. In California, I will be one out of one," says Burke. When asked whether California voters are ready to have a woman as top cop, Burke likes to point out that a woman already holds the top spot on the bench: **Rose Bird**, chief justice of the state supreme court.

More than two months after the theft of **Charles Chaplin's** remains from a grave in the Swiss village of Corsier-sur-Vevey, police last week recovered the body in a cornfield near Lake Geneva. The kidnappers, it turns out, were a Polish car mechanic and his Bulgarian accomplice. The motive? Money. The pair have been telephoning Chaplin's widow, **Oona**, for several weeks, demanding at first \$600,000 in ransom. Police tapped the calls through it all, and finally closed in on one of the robbers in a Lausanne phone booth. The idea for the grisly theft, the robbers admitted to the au-



LeVar Burton hits it off with Rookie Actor Billy Martin

thorities, came from "reading about Italian kidnapings in the papers."

It has the makings of a good script: a crusty major league baseball manager spots a player on a prison team, gives him a tryout and watches him become a star. Which is just how Detroit Tigers All-Star Outfielder **Ron LeFlore** was discovered by New York Yankees Manager **Billy Martin**, during his stint at the helm of the Tigers. Now LeFlore's sto-

ry, *One in a Million*, will make it to the screen as a CBS-IV movie. LeFlore is played by **LeVar Burton** (*Roots*), and Billy Martin by—who else?—**Billy Martin**. Has he made a hit on camera? Says Burton: "He follows instructions like a Little Leaguer at tryouts. You know, Billy's a pussycat, really." Come again, Burton? "A pussycat with chutzpah."

Paul Stookey "sings to his plants" on his Maine farm. **Peter Yarrow** is co-producing a

television special about the adventures of Puff the Magic Dragon. **Mary Travers** spins out solo albums. Ever since they disbanded seven years ago, the folk-singing trio have kept music on their minds, and now comes a coda: a P-P-M reunion. Last week the three announced that they will cut a record and in August they will set out on a month-long, 17-city tour. "We're living in a different time now, so some of the styles may make some leaps to the side," says Peter. As for the new lyrics they are writing, he adds, they are "conversations we'd like to have."

On the Record

William Randolph Hearst Jr. on his niece Patty before she had to go back to jail: "You know, one of the latest things that happened while she was out was that the president of the bank they had robbed and his wife invited her to their home for dinner."

Lewis Thomas, M.D., cancer specialist and author (*Lives of a Cell*) on the world: "We do not, in any real way, run the place. It runs itself, and we are a part of the running."

Les Aspin, Congressman from Wisconsin: "The CIA can't be the only arbiter of what is or isn't classified. There ought to be somebody you can appeal to—an arbitrator set up by an act of Congress."



AMERICAN ART BY JERRY DANTZIG

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

Art

Taking the Long View

With an old camera, closing the horizon's circle

It started with a \$1 purchase on a 1971 vacation jaunt. Jerry Dantzig, then 45, a photography professor, was picking over the odds and ends in the Freeport, Me., flea market when his eye caught an old photograph of some 2,000 Protestant ministers. He bought the picture and took it back to his Brooklyn studio. Looking at it with a magnifying glass, he marveled at the tack-sharp faces and the lack of dis-

tortion at the ends of the long horizontal photograph. "It suddenly occurred to me," says Dantzig, "that I had no camera in my studio that could do that." After more than a year of inquiries, he found and borrowed the camera he wanted—a turn-of-the-century model called the Cirkut. Soon he was obsessed with the seamless panoramas he was able to produce with it. Some 20,000 miles and 280 exposures lat-

er, Dantzig's obsessions went on display: last week twelve views of U.S. cities and landscapes, ranging in length from 61 in. to 78 in., were exhibited in Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art.

Dantzig does not claim to be doing anything "terribly new. I'm taking an old idea and running with it," he says. As far back as 1844, Germany's Panorama-Kamera took a 150°-angle photo of Paris on a curved daguerreotype plate. After the invention of flexible film, other cameras were designed to sweep the horizons. Dantzig's choice, the 50-lb. Cirkut sits on a tripod and is rotated on a vertical axis by a clockwork



AMERICAN ART BY JERRY DANTZIG





Top: Chicago's lakefront in a 1977 panorama spanning 210°. Below: Manhattan Bridge seems to curve toward Brooklyn in a 1974 picture

mechanism, while its film is moved at the same speed past its aperture.

When Dantzig acquired his Cirkut, it took him months to repair it and learn to use it, as well as to find the right film (from Kodak at \$30 a one-shot roll). Last summer he set out in a rented Dodge van with his wife Cynthia and their son Gray, 10, to cover 30 states in 100 carefully planned days. Most often people were friendly and helpful. In Butte, Mont., a supervisor led the Dantzics around a mine for two days to find the right vantage point; in San Antonio a cop held up traffic while they took a picture of the Alamo; in Albuquerque a bank president escorted them to the roof of his bank to scout the view. Only in New York City, says Dantzig, was "getting on someone's roof



STEVE FRAZER

Photographer Dantzig with his Cirkut camera
"Taking an old idea and running with it."

a major hassle. They think you're a jumper."

Dantzig has found working with the Cirkut a new and powerful experience.

"All my life I've been trained to see in a small rectangle. Suddenly I've had to relearn to see, and it's terrific." Viewers of his panoramas have to relearn to see as well. In the Cirkut panorama there is no vanishing point, and each shot has a slightly skewed perspective different from what is normally seen by the human eye. The result, with some horizontal straight lines appearing curved, and some curved lines straight, is slightly disorienting.

Dantzig is so enthusiastic about his panoramas that he wants to go on and on with them, to create "an incredible archive, unlike anything that exists on earth." Meanwhile he is hoping to put into book form some of his photos of the past few years. His working title: *America at Length*. ■

At bottom: a midafternoon shot of Monument Valley in Arizona and Utah (210°). Above: a 190° sweep of 20th Century-Fox back lot





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Music



Nyiregyházi, at 75, playing in the home of a San Francisco friend

Nine Wives and 700 Works Later

Nyiregyházi returns from out of the past

The miracle took place five years ago in San Francisco's Old First Presbyterian Church. A destitute old man with trembling hands sat down at the Baldwin piano to give a fund-raising recital for his sick wife's medical expenses. He had not practiced, or owned a piano, for four decades. He had not even looked at the music. Liszt's lengthy, difficult *Légendes*, in more than half a century. Yet when his fingers touched the keys, there came a burst of musical thunder, exploding octaves and a bass of such power and sonority that the Baldwin threatened to shake apart.

A piano aficionado connected with the International Piano Archives of the University of Maryland happened to pass by the church with a cassette recorder just before the recital. He went in, heard the beginnings of the astonishing performance—the sort of huge sound that Anton Rubinstein reputedly possessed—and taped it. The discovery was akin to some great archaeological find. The pianist was Ervin Nyiregyházi (pronounced near-edge-hah-vee), a Hungarian-born prodigy who made his debut at six, toured Europe as a *Wunderkind* and conquered Carnegie Hall in 1920, at 17. Then, following a string of public and private disasters, including the first of nine marriages, he vanished from public view.

His rediscovery, one of the most bizarre comebacks in music history, has been as rapid as was his fall half a century earlier. The tapes of that church concert, along with a few Liszt pieces recorded under studio conditions, have been released as a *Nyiregyházi Plays Liszt* (IPA Des-

mar) record. Critics exclaimed over the strange, powerful playing. In two further sets of taping sessions, underwritten by the Ford Foundation, Nyiregyházi played Liszt and other romantics; record release is now being negotiated. Meanwhile, NBC will be featuring Nyiregyházi on its June 3 *Weekend* show. He emerges as an inspired throwback to a more heroic past. Says Nyiregyházi: "Pianists today are so lacking in expressiveness that I don't feel very much when I hear them play."

Today, at 75, he is straight-backed



Ervin as a child prodigy in Hungary
Bursts of musical thunder

and energetic, with a courtly manner and ornate English. He does not live the life of a new celebrity, instead subsisting mostly on Social Security in a transient hotel in San Francisco's notorious Tenderloin district. Since his last wife died in 1974, Nyiregyházi has been a virtual recluse. A hard drinker and heavy thinker (Shakespeare and Schiller are familiar), he is as profligate with money as with matrimony. "Of course financial trouble is never welcome," he says. "But I never regarded concertizing as a glorious occupation. I always preferred music as a way of life, not as a profession."

Despite his poverty, he likes class. When he does venture out, he wears his one navy-blue suit. Often he walks to the elegant St. Francis Hotel, where he likes to sit in the ornate palm court and drink Scotch. "Whenever I had \$10," he says, "I'd blow it on an expensive lunch."

He was born in Budapest. His father was a tenor in the Royal Hungarian Opera chorus, and his mother an amateur pianist. At three, Nyiregyházi could reproduce on a toy piano the melodies that his father sang. At four, he began piano lessons and composing. His first piece, he recalls, was "sort of Japanese—my father had been singing *Madama Butterfly*—and in the key of A-minor."

Nyiregyházi's memory seemed infallible, and his slender, tapered fingers seemed to master compositions effortlessly. After playing a piece two or three times, he would have it memorized. (He still has more than a thousand works, including his transcriptions of symphony movements and arias, at his fingertips.) Nyiregyházi proved so extraordinary a child prodigy that the Psychological Laboratory in Amsterdam began a four-year study of him when he was seven. It found that his precocity was similar to that of the child Mozart. At eight, he read all of Shakespeare in German translation; at ten came Dostoevsky and Tolstoy.

Spurred by his ambitious mother, Nyiregyházi became a performer. He made his orchestral debut with the Berlin Philharmonic at the age of twelve, playing Beethoven's *Third Piano Concerto*, then completed a string of European tours over the next five years. Along the way, he happened upon the work of Liszt, then out of fashion. The great romantic, perhaps the most dramatic pianist of all time, became Nyiregyházi's mentor and model. "It was like discovering a new world," he says. "Such lyrical and dramatic intensity, such emphasis on the grandiose and imperial."

His discovery of the real New World came soon after, with a triumphant debut at Carnegie Hall in 1920. He liked the praise, the skyscrapers, a certain "bravado and toughness" about Americans. He decided to stay. Almost immediately, his misfortunes began. Critics had second thoughts. He lost a legal wrangle with his

Music

manager over fees, and was blacklisted by the musical fraternity. Then his marriage—in 1926 to a woman eleven years older, who had promised to re-establish his career—blew up.

Nyiregyházi drifted to Hollywood, where for two years he sight-read orchestral scores submitted to United Artists as music for movies. It was a feat few pianists could equal, since it involved reading ten or so musical lines simultaneously. Says Nyiregyházi, "It was just like reading a book." He became friends with several stars, among them Gloria Swanson. After that he gave a few recitals and kept getting married and divorced. Nothing seemed to last. He drifted farther from sight and finally vanished. Until now.

Nyiregyházi's record and tapes fascinate in an age of precision playing; they are passionate. His slow tempos, like Liszt's, are funereal; each note seems weighted. He repeats at will sections that he finds lyrical. When he is loud, he is very, very loud, and often the great rushes of sound are overpedaled into a blur. Wrong notes intrude; unlike almost all modern artists, he neither practiced before the sessions ("Practicing is tedious anathema to me") nor redubbed passages to smooth out errors. In a final heresy, he embraces sentimentality, the wistful word of the 20th century: "The more gushing, the better," he proclaims.

The effect is wild and extravagant. At his best—as in Liszt's *Ballade in B-Minor* on the IPA Desmaré record—the massive rumbling bass is an effective counterpoint to the ethereal run-work in the treble. It is an inspired interpretation; method and material work in harmony.

Nyiregyházi refuses to ride the new wave of publicity. He rules out concert appearances. Always a nervous performer, he is now terrified by audiences and can only play when in a sort of inspired trance. He fears criticism, at the point that he records only less-known romantic works and his own transcriptions of symphonic and operatic works. "Musicians have always disapproved of my style as too emotional, too idiosyncratic," he says. "So now I prefer to record works where no one can compare me to anyone else. I want to do only what I want to do."

What he most wants to do is spend his days composing. Since childhood, he has written more than 700 works. None of his adult compositions has been heard ("I have had enough criticism as a performer," he says). But like Liszt, he writes for the piano as if it were an orchestra, aiming for as much drama and depth as possible. One work, *A Picture of Dorian Gray* (he admires Oscar Wilde's "razor-like mind"), is more than two hours long. As for what might have been, he says quietly, "I would have done the same so-called mistakes." Then he smiles. "And there have been great moments."

—Annalyn Swan

COASTOCOAST AIR



Melanie Griffith, David Ankrum and Linda Watkins of *Coastocost*, NBC's flying *Love Boat*

Television

Waiting for Freddie: Part 2

Girls, guys . . . guys and girls

The countdown is on, and broadcast executives can almost tell to the hour how long it is to "S-Day," the ninth of June. That, of course, is the day that Fred Silverman becomes president of NBC and the TV world is turned upside down, inside out and dangled from the top of Manhattan's RCA Building, where NBC has its headquarters. Or so everyone in TV says. In the meantime, however, schedules have to be satisfied, and last week NBC announced its fall lineup. Oddly enough, it looked like something Silverman himself might have created.

There will be a *Love Boat* look-alike in a show called *Coastocost*, the only difference being that the action will take place aboard the planes of a New York-to-Los Angeles airline rather than a cruise ship. Legs will presumably have lots of them, all belonging to Las Vegas showgirls. Produced by Garry Marshall, who is also the man behind ABC's *Laverne and Shirley*, it will probably have its polished, if dim, comedic style.

The Waverly Wonders bears a certain resemblance to ABC's *Welcome Back, Kotter*. Joe Namath plays the Gabby Kaplan part, acting as coach to a no-win high school basketball team called, naturally enough, the Waverly Wonders. The chief distinction between the two shows is that NBC's sweatshirts are better looking than ABC's. Another program that might appeal to Freddie is *Sword of Justice*, which sounds like a cross between *The Green Hornet* and *The Scarlet Pimpernel*. After serving five years in prison on a bum rap, the hero (Dack Rambo) emerges to be-

come a handsome, sexy and rich gadabout by day. But at night he is a handsome, sexy and rich scourge of evildoers. Zap! Zap! Or, yawn, yawn.

The most interesting-sounding series on the list is *W.E.B.*, a nighttime soap opera about—guess what?—a network. The series was created by Lin Bolen, a former NBC vice president, who was widely rumored to be a model for the Faye Dunaway character in the movie *Network*. Whether the rumor is true or not, Lin's fictional Trans American Broadcasting may be livelier than the real thing.

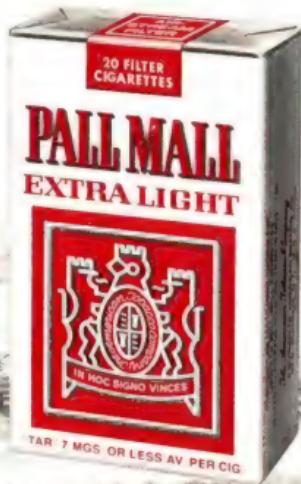
Hidden between the lines of NBC's schedule is something else: desperation. Badly trailing both ABC and CBS in the ratings, the network has few old shows to build on. NBC is betting that at least some of its new shows will make it to the Top 20. That is a questionable proposition, considering that every single one of its new series failed last season. "There's a rule of thumb," says Producer Tom Miller, "that you don't have a full night of programming without one old show to act as anchor. Without that audience familiarity, NBC may be throwing two or three programs to the winds."

NBC's new shows look little different from those just announced by ABC and CBS, and the accent is on good-looking girls and guys. "Nobody gives a damn about the subject," says Joel Segal, senior vice president of the Ted Bates advertising agency. "The theme will be dopey broads and handsome men. Women mostly control the tube, and NBC's hope is that enough of them will spot one of their pretty men and stick around." Adds TV Consultant Mike Dann: "The trend is toward fantasy. There is more flesh exposed, but there really isn't much sex." It is a pattern that Silverman, who started it all when he was chief programmer at ABC, is not likely to change. S-Day may really stand for the same, over and over again.

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Books

She-Wits and Funny Persons

Five women who have something in comic

In a new book, *Vulnerable People: A View of American Fiction Since 1945* (Oxford: \$11.95), Literary Critic Josephine Hendin suggests: "One of the great weapons to emerge from the sexual revolution is a devastating she-wit." Hendin finds this biting, mordant humor in such comedians as Phyllis Diller, Joan Rivers and Lily Tomlin and in such novelists as Cynthia Buchanan, Alix Kates Shulman and Lois Gould.

A good case can be made for contemporary she-wit; there are also clear historical precedents. Napoleon Bonaparte assessed Madame de Staél's offensive capabilities and concluded: "She has shafts that would hit a man if he were seated on a rainbow." Pioneering American Feminists Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lucretia Mott and Susan B. Anthony demonstrated an effective podium wit, but as the years went by, democracy and its wide audiences tended to broaden and coarsen humor. Until recently, male jokes about women as sex toys were broadcast with-

op an inferiority complex or a sense of discouragement, and they begin to fail all along the line."

The implacable logic of the feminist movement would render this passage patently sexist. What self-respecting man wants to be treated as a security object? Fortunately, the Seabury wit, like Dagwood and Blondie, has dated into harmless nostalgia. But the once chivalric war

between the sexes has become balkanized beyond easy definition. Consider the five most successful books of humor published by women in recent months: differing widely in origins and interests, the authors range from Erma Bombeck, queen of suburban frump and the grin-and-bear-it school, to Fran Lebowitz, whose *Metropolitan Life* is a gallery of freeze-dried urbanities from after-dark Manhattan.

Bombeck's enormous appeal contains no surprises. She has, as market researchers say, great demographics. Her column, *At Wit's End*, appears in more than 700 newspapers and is aimed primarily at the millions of housewives whose world turns around car pools, P.T.A. meetings and Tupperware parties.

The basic theme of her new collection, *If Life Is a Bowl of Cherries—What Am I Doing in the Pits?* (McGraw-Hill: \$7.95), is surviving the daily bombardment of laundry, junk food and evidences of middle age. Bombeck herself has done it, as an Ohio mother of



Erma Bombeck in Arizona



Cyra McFadden, author of *The Serial*



Scribble Scribble's Author Nora Ephron

out self-consciousness. Women mirrored their anxieties in popular comedy that dealt with the currying of male vanity. From *The Delicatessen Husband* (1926) by Florence Guy Seabury:

"Taking care of my husband's egoism," said a frank and modern friend, "keeping it buttressed to the height where he is happy and self-sufficient is a bigger chore than all I do for my three babies put together."

"Why do it?" an unmarried companion put in.

"Because," said the sophisticated one. "You've got to bolster them up to make good providers of them. Let them develop-



New York City Novelist-Journalist Lois Gould
Shared exposés of the double standard

three and wife of a school principal. Now, with her children grown, she lives in a suburb of Phoenix. Bombeck has been called the female Art Buchwald. A better parallel might be Bill Mauldin, the author of World War II's *Willie and Joe* cartoons. For at bottom, she views the housewife as society's thankless foot soldier, engaged in countless small battles to preserve the family's besieged traditions and values. Despite her lightness and the overcuteness of her titles (*I Lost Everything in the Post-Natal Depression*, *The Grass Is Always Greener over the Septic Tank*), she can flash genuine annoyance at the many cons directed at her harried legions.

"One day in a leading magazine, I saw a story called *Today's Woman on the Go*. At the top of the article was a picture of a well-stacked blonde at a construction site with a group of men around her while she read blueprints to them. I noted her

Books

shoes were coordinated with her Gucci yellow hard hat. The second picture showed her in a pair of flowing pajamas standing over the stove stirring her filet-mignon helper (recipe on page 36) while her husband tossed the salad and her children lovingly set the table. It made me want to spit up."

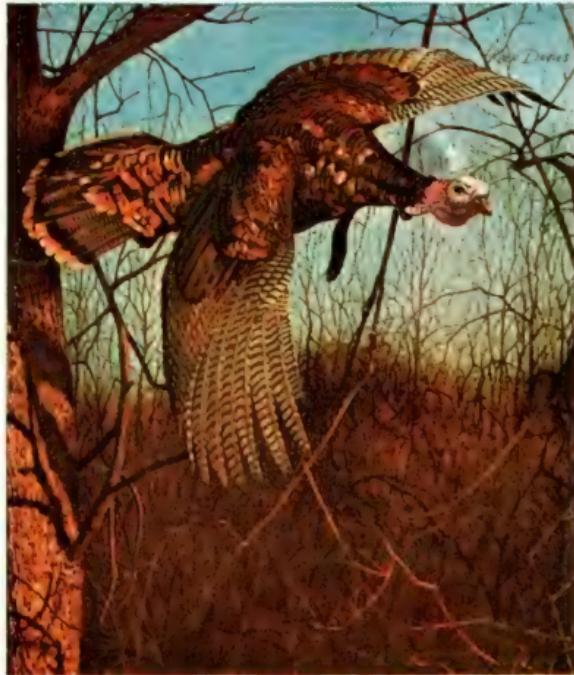
In *Not Responsible for Personal Articles* (Random House, \$7.95), Lois Gould describes how *Woman on the Go* might actually make it. Her article *How to Liberate Your Entire Family in Your Own Home, Without Cost or Obligation* belongs in an anthology of contemporary folk wisdom. "I have finally concluded," writes Gould, "that ours may be the only middle-class family in America to have taken the final revolutionary step toward total liberation. Our children swab their own bathroom! They also swab ours! Indeed, they vacuum the rugs, do the laundry and the grocery shopping, help prepare meals, do all the cleaning up after meals, make their own beds, clean their rooms, dust, sweep and polish surfaces as needed and sew occasional buttons on their father's shirts."

The children are both teen-age boys. And they do not live in a Marin boat camp but in a Manhattan brownstone where their mother writes novels (*Such Good Friends, A Sea-Change*) and their father practices psychiatry. Theirs is undoubtedly a special case, but Gould's principles of shared responsibility have broad applications and roots that go back to the 19th century farm.

Gould is an active feminist, and the best pieces in her book are lively exposes of the double standard. "Unfair Sex at M.I.T." for example, cuts closest with an informal survey of reaction to the women at M.I.T. who publicly graded their lovers' bedroom proclivities. "Porn for Women: Women for Porn" demonstrates Gould's considerable ability to explore a complex subject with style and economy. She knows how to relax. Rolling around half naked on the floor of a mirrored room, performing unnatural acts in unspeakable positions, committing indecent exposure under glaring lights, not to mention the bold stares of hot-eyed strangers. Catherine Deneuve in *Belle de Jour*? No, Ms. Gould at a health club.

In Cyra McFadden's affluent San Francisco suburb, a health club is likely to be called a center for human potential. Her book *The Serial: A Year in the Life of Marin County* (Knopf, \$4.95) is a dead satire on such pretensions. Its first 30 chapters appeared in *Pacific Sun*, a weekly in Mill Valley, Calif., where McFadden lives with her husband, a businessman, and teen-age daughter.

The principal characters in this mock soap opera wander aimlessly from body to body and from cliché to cliché in a culture where evil, like perspiration odor, has been banished with squirt-can philosophies. McFadden's cassette ear for the jargon of the "mellow" and "laid back" is



Engraving reproduction of Wild Turkey painting by Ken Done. 1977 Day 27, serial 5/212, 80002-1. Wall St. 584. \$17.000

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Books



Fran Lebowitz, author of *Metropolitan Life*
A game called What's My One-Liner?

faultless: "Reverend Spike Thurston, minister of the Radical Unitarian Church in Terra Linda and active in the Marin Sexual Freedom League, was presiding ... Fellow beings," Thurston began, smiling. "I'm not here today as a minister but as a member of the community. Not just the community of souls gathered here, not just the community of Mill Valley, but the larger human community which is the cosmos!"

Although *Serial* has sold more than 135,000 copies, McFadden, a former English teacher, has not got good reviews from many of her Mill Valley neighbors. Some even see her as a traitor to her class. The plot of *Serial* may be fiction, but its language is lifted directly from life. Notes McFadden: "My butcher says 'Can you relate to a pork roast?' and a local veterinarian advertises that he can cure joint diseases in dogs with rolfing."

Nora Ephron also gives her subjects plenty of rope before she hangs them. *Scribble Scribble* (Knopf, \$7.95), a gathering of her journalism criticism for *Esquire*, allows a number of well-known writers and editors to twist slowly in their own wind. Ephron is an excellent parodist. On a famous publisher and his companion, an author of best-selling pop psychology: "Clay Miller snapped awake and nodded comprehendingly. The truth, though, was that he could never figure out what she was talking about when she went on in this way. He knew it sold magazines and books, and that someone must understand it, but he knew he didn't, and he wasn't sure what he could do about it if he did."

One of Ephron's funniest pieces is not about a journalist but about her cousin, the owner of a Bronx carpet store. He



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AGE: 36

PROFESSION: Photographer

HOBBIES: Archaeology, anthropology.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "Mirrors, Messages, Manifestations" by Minor White

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Exhibited "New Guinea Notebook," a photographic analysis of a Stone Age culture struggling for survival in a world of advanced technology.

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Books

may seem somewhat out of place beside Russell Baker, Bob Haldeman and Theodore H. White, but Cousin Arthur Ephron delivers the best line when he assures the author that the New York-based department-store chain E.J. Korvettes does not stand for Eight Jewish Korean War Veterans.

A little bit of this sort of humor goes a long way, a lesson that the gifted Fran Lebowitz has yet to learn. *Metropolitan Life* (\$8.50) blitzes the reader with such lines as "Food gives real meaning to dining room furniture ... Children are rarely in the position to lend one a truly interesting sum of money ... If God had meant for everything to happen at once, he would not have invented desk calendars ... Sleep is death without the responsibility." It is a foppish wit that is very conscious of taste, class and sexual predilections, but Lebowitz herself remains an elusive target. Her easy cynicism and airy misanthropy have no fixed center, and though many of her riffs are spontaneously funny, too many others are arch and heavy with intention. In the end, *Metropolitan Life* seems like one long game show—*What's My One-Liner?*

The one quality all these authors seem to share is a traditionalism, be it about family values, the use of language or styles of music and clothing. Beyond this, it is increasingly difficult to tell a she-wit from simply a funny person. —R.Z. Sheppard

The Shocking Entertainer

MENCKEN: A STUDY OF HIS THOUGHT

by Charles A. Fecher
Knopf; 391 pages; \$15

When H.L. Mencken was asked, "Why, if you find so much that is unworthy of reverence in the United States, do you continue to live here?" he countered, "Why do people visit zoos?"

The implication was clear: the speaker resided on top of the evolutionary scale; what better way to spend a life than laughing at the lower orders? Such was Mencken's amusement during the 20s and early '30s. It was a resentful, mocking epoch; Americans, disillusioned by World War I, were anxious to smash icons and uncover clay feet. In newspapers, magazines—the *Smart Set* and the *American Mercury*—and some 40 books, Mencken merrily blasted Christianity in general and the Bible Belt in particular. He satirized professors, savaged politicians and labeled the majority of Americans—i.e., anyone who did not agree with the author's prejudices—as the booboisie.

Anxious to be on the right side of the bars, his readers joined the tirade. The newspaperman was elevated to social arbiter, literary critic and political savant. Even today, 22 years after his

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Books

death. Mencken is remembered as the Sage of Baltimore, a pantheon figure in American letters. It is time for someone else to play the iconoclast. Charles Fecher, himself a Baltimore journalist, performs the task unwittingly in his amusing literary biography, *Mencken: A Study of His Thought*.

The descendant of cultured Germans, Henry Louis was raised in a complacent atmosphere. But he was born with sand under his skin, and the works of Nietzsche exerted an irresistible appeal. Mencken became a believer in the *Übermensch*, a scoffer at the great unwashed. Like Oscar Wilde, he made a success by reversing traditions. To believers, he played the village atheist. To prohibitionists, he was a boozey provocateur. To the U.S. at large, he was an intellectual who saw culture only in Europe. "The average citizen of a democracy," he announced, "is a goose-stepping ignoramus." The average democratic politician, of whatever party, is a scoundrel and a swine."

A master of invective, Mencken never failed to beguile his audience. Even Southerners were amused when he labeled Dixie the Sahara of the Boarzt. And his classic encyclopedia, *The American Language*, brilliantly traced the well-springs of slang and ethnic argot. But in larger matters he was more naive than the booboisie. When real goose-steppers came along, Mencken failed to perceive the German danger and, as Fecher notes, "brushed off Nazi treatment of the Jews." His literary criticism was sometimes blind to contemporary talent; he thought Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath* was "full of pink hooey" and found no more sense in Faulkner than in "the wop boob, Dante."

He never understood the scars of the Depression and compared the New Deal efforts of Franklin D. Roosevelt to those of a snake-oil vendor at a village carnival.

These rough judgments cannot wholly condemn their maker H.L. Mencken was above and below all an entertainer who liked to shock. In the process of making errors, he freed the language from cant and proved a tonic influence on writers from Sherwood Anderson to Norman Mailer. His tragedy was in staying too long at the zoo until his fellow visitors began to notice a want of sympathy and substance. Back in 1942, critic Alfred Kazin observed that Mencken's "conception of the aesthetic life" was monstrous in its frivolity and ignorance. Others soon echoed the critique. Finally even the subject obliquely acknowledged it. In *Six Men*, Alastair Cooke recalls a 1955 visit. The invalided Mencken wondered when Poet Edgar Lee Masters had passed on in 1948. Cooke guessed "That's right," said Mencken. "I believe he died the year I did."

—Stefan Kanfer

Editors' Choice

FICTION: Airships, *Barry Hannah*
Final Payments, *Mary Gordon*
Kafka, *Gore Vidal* • The World
According to Garp, *John Irving*

NONFICTION: A Place for Noah, *Josh Greenfield* • A Savage War of Peace, *Alastair Horne* • Coming into the Country, *John McPhee* • Dispatches, *Michael Herr* • Samuel Beckett, *Douglas Bass*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Holcroft Covenant, *Lindholm* (first week)
2. The Human Factor, *Greene* (4)
3. Bloodline, *Sheldon* (1)
4. Scruples, *Kramz* (2)
5. The Thorn Birds, *McCullough* (5)
6. A Stranger Is Watching, *Clark* (8)
7. Kafka, *Vidal* (9)
8. The World According to Garp, *Irving*
9. The Last Convertible, *Moore* (7)
10. Stained Glass, *Buckley*

NONFICTION

1. If Life Is a Bowl of Cherries, What Am I Doing in the Pits? *Bonhag* (2)
2. The Complete Book of Running, *Fox* (1)
3. My Mother, Myself, *Fradley* (3)
4. Pulling Your Own Strings, *Davis* (3)
5. Adrien Arpel's 3-Week Crash Makeover Shapeover Beauty Program, *Arpel with Elhousen* (4)
6. Metropolitan Life, *Leibowitz* (9)
7. Running and Being, *Shelton* (8)
8. In His Image, *Rovik* (6)
9. The Final Conclave, *Murphy*
10. The Amityville Horror, *Isaacs* (7)



H.L. Mencken in Baltimore (1946)

More naive than the booboisie

Time Essay

The Trivial State of the States

The envelope, please. And now, for the best performance by an American state legislature in the Much-Ado-About-Little category, the Golden Nit for 1978 goes to . . .

This is the homestretch of the silly season, when state legislatures across the land seem to vie for the imaginary Golden Nit. There is nothing imaginary, though, about the time, effort and deliberation they customarily devote to the trivial, the insignificant, the utterly negligible. Nebraska's legislature, for example, has just dealt with a bill to add, as consumer representatives, two corpses to the state anatomical board; that passes for humor in Lincoln. Rhode Island's senators breezily adopted a resolution praising the hairdo of a female legislator, but the house turned aside a proposal to decree ricotta the State Cheese. In Florida, the legislature recently indulged in boisterous repartee over a measure that would have made it a crime to molest the "skunk ape," a mythical critter occasionally sighted around the state that is said to stand 7 ft. tall, weigh 700 lbs, and smell like swamp gas.

This legislative preoccupation with the trivial, which is confirmed in almost every state capital, goes by the term microphilia. Though the ailment was named only a few years ago (by a justly obscure political diagnostician), it has been in evidence as long as state legislatures have existed—though sometimes upstaged by more dramatic defects such as procrastination, carelessness and venality. These larger historic faults were undoubtedly in the mind of John Burns when he wrote in *The Sometime Governments* (1970): "We expect very little of our legislatures, and they continually live up to our expectations." In fact, many state legislatures have improved in some respects over the past two decades, attracting members of higher caliber, for example, and tightening up their staffs and internal organization. But their fascination with trivia has, if anything, got worse; microphilia has become chronic and endemic in the statehouses.

In no area does this odd trait show itself as starkly as in the legislatures' ceaseless squabbling over the designation of "official" animals, birds, fishes, minerals, poems, songs and flow-

ers. Last year, after interminable conflict among advocates of barbecue, gumbo and chili, Texas legislators finally designated the last as State Dish. This year a skirmish shaped up in the New York legislature over the selection of a State Insect (praying mantis vs. Karner blue butterfly), and in New Jersey over a State Fish (bluefish leading); a struggle over the wild turkey left Alabama still, alas, without a State Game Bird.

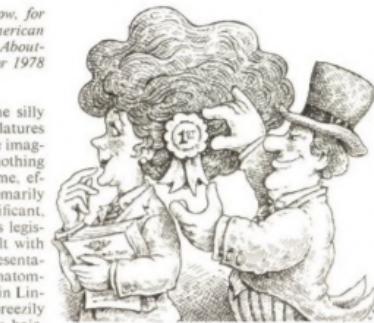
Vermont, in a flurry of accomplishment, designated a State Cold Water Fish (trout), a State Warm Water Fish (wall-eyed pike) and a State Insect (honey bee). The Massachusetts general court, though moving

hardly at all on important issues, considered (and, amazingly, rejected) the adoption of a State Poem with the opening line, "Chickadee, chickadee, chickadee . . ." Connecticut, which got along for 190 years without a State Song, obtained one at last when the legislature picked *Yankee Doodle*—after replacing the word girls with folks. Widely criticized years ago for ending a session in which the designation of the Great Dane was its signal achievement, the Pennsylvania legislature this year bent its energies to the selection of a State Cat (tally cat favored). Success would create the possibility, as one statehouse joker put it, "of the State Dog chasing the State Cat up the State Tree (hemlock)."

Legislative microphilia ranges well beyond an obsession with official totems and artifacts. One classic manifestation occurred this season in Colorado, where legislators climaxed their session with a mighty struggle over the apostrophe in Pike's Peak: for the benefit of constituents who had never come to terms with grammar, they outlawed the apostrophe. In Alabama, legislators reached the session's final day without action on a single major bill—but not without having played, once again, their recurring conflict with the capital city government over parking space for their cars. Idaho lawmakers, for their part, indulged in a six-week-long brouhaha over whether to ban the use of radar by highway police: the senate passed a bill prohibiting it on the ground that radar endangers heart patients with pacemakers, and the house set aside the bill only after the sponsor admitted that there was absolutely no hard evidence of such a risk.

Resolutions of commendation, which pumped promiscuously out of most legislatures, got so overdone in South Carolina that one member this year exposed the absurdity with a resolution intended to commend "all persons, male and female, young and old, tall and short, fat and skinny, who have performed any act or deed during the past five months worthy of commendation." A sort of subdued microphilia was evident in Concord, where New Hampshire's solons spent several months intensely debating the question of whether they had any reason to be in session at all. In such an atmosphere it is not surprising that a typical legislative leader, New Jersey Assembly Speaker Christopher Jackman, could be recorded as telling his followers: "I don't want anyone asking me any questions and expecting me to give any answers."

When it takes a virulent turn, microphilia provokes a streak of rowdiness for which state legislatures have always been famous. Such episodes may not often match the one achieved some years ago in Austin, where Texas legislators indulged in a fist-throwing free-for-all best remembered for the four lawmakers who occupied the rostrum and sang *I Had a Dream, Dear* while their colleagues slugged it out. And yet



LARRY RUSSELL FOR TIME



Essay

buffoonery such as the throwing of food (in Illinois) or of waste-paper (in Maryland) occurs frequently enough to show that the nation's microphilicists have at best only a tenuous hold on dignity. In the Oklahoma house, members keep tiny American flags at hand to wave when the speaker happens to be Representative John Monks—who won fame of a sort for having once got an anticockfight bill killed by arguing that it was Communist-inspired. In Rhode Island this year a certain inordinate liveliness resulted when, on St. Patrick's Day, the members' water pitchers were filled with crème de menthe—as when, on the subsequent St. Joseph's Day, Italian members, countering the Irish, wore red hats and handed out pizza. In the Georgia legislature, decorum so deteriorated at one session that a member flung to the floor by an epileptic seizure got no immediate help because no one thought anything was wrong.

While the outcroppings of microphilia are plain to see, the cause of the condition is not so conspicuous. Actually, the legislative obsession with trivia is best understood in the same way a psychologist understands the compulsive quirks and tics of an individual—as a signal of unresolved inner frustrations. The main one of several unresolved twists in the legislative psyche is a baffled, often stifled, creative urge; thus action on trivia be-

comes a substitute for action on substantial matters. Viewed just so, microphilia can be seen as a symptom of the legislatures' historic and persisting aversion for using their powers, a trait, students of the species have long noted, that accounts for the fact that state government is the weakest link in the chain of American federalism. The same institutional frustration underlies many of the other dubious but widespread legislative characteristics that have put state legislatures right where University of Pittsburgh Professor William Keefe once located them: "On the outskirts of public esteem and affection."

Only a grouch would regard all legislative levity with a solemn eye. Yet it is fair to marvel that these grass-roots lawmakers manage to do so much that is scarcely worth doing while assiduously avoiding so much that cries out to be done. Undoubtedly there are quite a few among the lawmakers themselves who may feel as Senator Jim Walters did when his Mississippi legislature went home this spring. The session's highlight, said he, was "that we didn't do any more damage to the people than we did."

Perhaps even that deserves thanksgiving. Surely by now Americans are accustomed to being grateful for any favors—however small—from the statehouse.

—Frank Trippett

Cinema

Joyride

CAT AND MOUSE

Directed and Written by
Claude Lelouch

Claude Lelouch must be the happiest man in the world. In his films, the characters are unfailingly kind and attractive, the food is always three-star and the settings make Dufy landscapes look like teeming slums. Not even death can cloud his sunny disposition. Though Lelouch's *Cat and Mouse* is a murder mystery, complete with bloodied corpse, it is resolutely benign: the many bad guys are as charming as their victims. One doubts that Lelouch would recognize evil if it smashed him in the face.

Since most adults do not share this director's unquenchable optimism, even his best movies tend to be an acquired taste. *Cat and Mouse* is his best film in a long while, but like *A Man and a Woman* and *Happy New Year*, it only works on its own sentimental terms. Look for deeper, darker meanings and you'll discover a vacuum. Luckily, Lelouch makes it easy for an audience to succumb to his fluff. His sincerity is so complete and his style so lyrical that all but the terminally cynical can suspend disbelief and enlist in the joyride.

The tour leader for the pleasures of *Cat and Mouse* is a dapper veteran detective, Lechat (Serge Reggiani), who goes on a wild chase to discover whether a philandering millionaire (Jean-Pierre Aumont) was indeed murdered by his jealous wife (Michele Morgan). The plot is complex and at times ingenious, but it is mainly an excuse for Lelouch to indulge his romantic reveries. Almost every char-



Serge Reggiani in *Cat and Mouse*
Love is in the air.

acter in the film falls in love at least once, usually with idyllic effect. The liaisons are delightfully improbable. Antagonists Reggiani and Morgan both carry on with gorgeous lovers half their age before making a beeline for each other: Lechat's daughter (Christine Laurent) marries his partner (Philippe Leontard) right after their first blind date. Though Lelouch is too discreet to show any of these couples in bed, he composes his own eroticism out of Normandy sunlight, knowing glances and Francis Lai's typically catchy musical score.

The stars are as engaging as the director demands. Morgan, here returning to the screen after an eight-year absence, makes the chic middle-aged murder suspect an aloof yet touching figure: she always retains her bourgeois hauteur, but we see the pain of her predicament in the slight flickering of her large blue eyes. Reggiani is a delight. With his hound-dog face and wry manner, he is every bit as amusingly world-weary as *Happy New Year*'s hero, Lino Ventura. No wonder all the other characters openly adore him.

The real star of *Cat and Mouse*, though, is Lelouch. He has taken a vibrant hand to his material, lacing the action with playful flashbacks and trompe l'oeil effects that willfully complicate the narrative's central puzzle. There is even a brief and hilariously titled film-within-the-film that parodies *Cat and Mouse*'s own detective genre. If, in the end, the movie is far longer on charm than thrills, it is simply because the director refuses to hype any of the scary elements of the story. Much to his credit, Claude Lelouch would rather lose part of the audience than be unfaithful to his own benevolent self.

—Frank Rich

Evenings that memories are made of...



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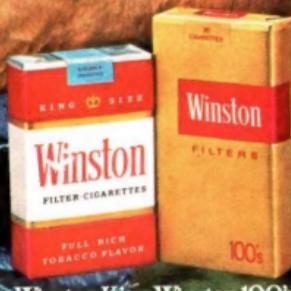
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